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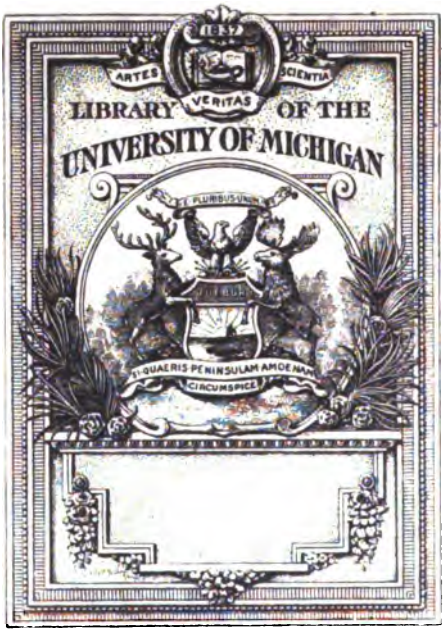
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NEW YORK

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William Shakespeare

In Thirteen Volumes

VOLUME I

The Tempest
Merry Wives of Windsor
Midsummer Night's Dream
Love's Labour's Lost

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NEW YORK CHICAGO

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MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,

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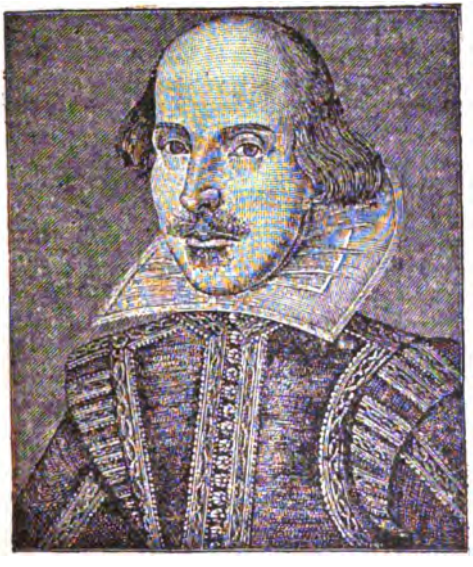

LONDON

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To the Reader

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life.
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse;
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.

B. J.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIR OF BRETHREN

WILLIAM

Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the
King's most Excellent Majesty

AND

PHILIP

Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, and our singular good

LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHILST we study to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrons or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure

his Orphans, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant, Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude, both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know: read, &c., and censure. Do so, but buy it first, that doth best commend a Book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your

sixpenny worth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at *Black-Friars*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraign Plays daily, know, these Plays have had their trial already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchased Letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them; as where (before) you were abused with diverse stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters, that exposed them: even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expressor of it. His mind and hand went together. And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your diverse capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore: and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not. you can lead yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR,

MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
  Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
  As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
  Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest Ignorance on these may light,
  Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
  The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,
  And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous Bawd, or Whore,
  Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
  Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.

I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
  The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
  Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
  Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
  And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
  I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses.

For, if I thought my judgment were of years
  I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
  Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
  From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
  Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
  To life again, to hear thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
  Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
  sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
  To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age but for all time!
  And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
  Our ears, or like a mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
  And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
  As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
  Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie
  As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
  My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter, Nature be,
  His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
  (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same,
  (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
  For a good Poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
  Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners brightly shines
  In his well turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seems to shake a Lance,
  As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
  To see thee in our waters yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
  That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
  Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
  Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence had mourned like night,
  And despairus day, but for thy Volumes' light.

BEN JONSON.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET,

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapped, go now, and wring
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian Spring,

Turned all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soon about.
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND

TO THE MEMORIE

OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy Tomb, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's; every Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Hearse.
Nor Fire, nor cankering Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e'er believe, or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;

Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreat,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with Laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wondered (Shakespeare) that thou wents't so soon
From the World's Stage, to the Grave's tiring room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou wents't but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art,
Can die, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality,
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

J. M.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES AND TRAGEDIES: TRULY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST ORIGINAL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

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THE TEMPEST.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Tempest* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1-19; no reference has been found to any earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; or, it may have been merely due to 'a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition' on the part of the editors.

'It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us.' *

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry VIII.*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; it is obviously intended to celebrate some contemporary marriage. One must bear in mind the fondness for this

* Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116.

species of poetical pageantry during the reign of James I. (*cp.* Ben Jonson's *Masque*).

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*; the probabilities are in favour of 1610-12.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II. i. 147, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' first published in that year.* The passage in question occurs in Book I., Chapter xxx., 'Of the Caniballes' (*cp.* Temple Classics, Vol. i.).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonisation and adventures of English seamen. There is probably direct allusion to the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, in July, 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare seems to have read—one of at least five accounts—was published in the following year, written by Sylvester Jourdain, entitled '*A discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others*' (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes').

Soon after, in 1612, a fuller account was published, written by William Strachey; this tract illustrates the play in so many striking details that a strong case may be made for Shakespeare's use of it.†

* The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph in the British Museum copy of Florio's Montaigne is now doubted.

† *Cp.* The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612; I note that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611: he wrote from his lodging in the Blacke Friars. There are possibilities that Shakespeare read the MS. The problem, resting on date of publication, is somewhat complicated.

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his '*Bartholomew Fair*' (1612-14).—'If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*'

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests and general considerations of style make an early date impossible.

The Sources. *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nurnberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, 'The English Comedians,' as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany, Preface, and pp. 1-75).

'*The Discovery of the Barmudas*' has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577 (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found 'Setebos' (Act I. sc. 2, l. 437); from the same work he possibly derived

the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the Date of Composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii. 197-206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act. V. 1, 33, *sq.*

The name 'Ariel,' though glossed by Shakespeare as 'an ayrie Spirit,' is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's '*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> '. . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord.'

Caliban. 'Caliban' is most probably a contemporary variant of 'Canibal,' which is itself merely another form of 'Caribal,' *i.e.* 'Caribbean.' There seems to be no particular difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. 'To me,' observes Mr. Furness, 'it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out.' This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; a valuable summary of the more important criticisms is to be found in the 'Variorum' edition of the play. Three studies call for special mention:—(1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson: (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban*; (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island.*

The Scene of Action. '*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*'; the claim of the Bermudas is now generally admitted as the original scene of Prospero's magic.

Shakespeare refers to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes,' and the local colour and details seem to be derived from the tracts referred to above, or perhaps (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently elaborated the idea) from the description given by one of the mariners, 'with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors,' prepared to answer questions 'for unlimited sack.' 'Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act. II. scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reef,' *etc.**

Duration of Action. The 'Time-Analysis' of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare has adhered strictly to the Unity of Time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I., 2, 239-240; Act V., 1, 5; *ibid.* l. 136-137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's 'glass' was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of 'an *hour* glass.' The error was no doubt intentional.

The Music. There is good reason to believe that *Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, Oxford,* 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., 'Full fathoms five,' and 'Where the Bee sucks'; the composer was R. Johnson, who in

* *Cp. Spectator,* June 2, 1898. Mr. Gosling, however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's 'vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cove about two miles from Hamilton. . . . The actual scene of the shipwreck and landfall of Sir George Somers are known beyond doubt. The rocks on which Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture,* was wrecked, lie off St. George's, about twelve miles from Hamilton,' *etc.*

1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352-353, and Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, Dent, 1896).

Later Verses. In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle.* According to Dryden, Davenant designed the 'Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman.' 'Than this version,' observes Mr. Furness, 'there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*' (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389-449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, 'attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A tempest-tossed vessel is wrecked upon the shores of an enchanted isle whereon dwell Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, alone save for the presence of Caliban, a deformed and brutish slave. During the storm Prospero tells his daughter of his past life: Formerly he had been Duke of Milan, but had been supplanted by his brother Antonio, with the aid of Alonso, King of Naples, who desired thereby to render Milan tributary to his kingdom. The conspirators had not dared to kill Prospero outright, but had contented themselves with setting him and his daughter, then three years old, adrift in a crazy boat upon the open sea. They would have perished miserably but for a humane Neapolitan named Gonzalo, who provisioned their craft, and thus enabled them to reach the island which they made their home. For twelve years they had quietly dwelt there—a period spent profitably by Prospero in the education of his daughter and in his own study of works on magic. Prospero ends his story by telling Miranda that a strange chance has sent all of his enemies to him in the ship which they have seen wrecked in the tempest raised by his art. Ariel, the chief of his spirits, now appears and reports that all the passengers have been brought safely to land. Ferdinand, the King's son, becomes separated from the rest, and they suppose him lost. Prospero leads him to his cell, where the prince and Miranda become mutually enamoured.

II. Alonso, Sebastian (his brother), Antonio, Gonzalo, and other victims of the shipwreck roam the island until all but Sebastian and Antonio are put to sleep by the invisible Ariel through the agency of gentle music. Sebastian and Antonio now plot to murder the King. Ariel frustrates their plans. In another part of the island two others of the company, Stephano and Trinculo, discover Caliban.

III. The three last named plot to despatch Caliban's master, Prospero, and seize upon the island for themselves. The King and his company meanwhile wander about oppressed by weariness, hunger, and mental aberration. Ariel tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet. At his cell Prospero sets Ferdinand to the task of carrying and piling logs, in order, as later develops, to test the prince's affection for Miranda, who, on her part, entreats Ferdinand to let her share in his arduous labors.

IV. Ferdinand undergoes the trial worthily, and Prospero bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with a glimpse into the land of spirits. The entertainment is interrupted by Prospero, who, suddenly recollecting the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates, calls Ariel, and prepares to frustrate them. The conspirators meet with severe punishment at the hands of Prospero and Ariel, who set upon them " divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds."

V. The King and his company are brought by Ariel before Prospero, who is moved to be merciful because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them. The King begs of him pardon for the wrongs he has done him, and restores to him his dukedom. Prospero brings forward Ferdinand and Miranda, whose troth is ratified by Alonso. Prospero abjures the mystic art, and with the King and his train proceeds to Naples, by means of the magically preserved ship, to solemnize the nuptials of the lovers.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

"A Birth of the Imagination."

The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography —no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within. . . . . In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places, shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an

exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life —that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual; . . . but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost af-

fectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

III.

Prospero.

Tried by suffering, Prospero proves its strengthening qualities. Far from succumbing to the blow, it is not until it has fallen that he displays his true, far-reaching, and terrible power, and becomes the great irresistible magician which Shakespeare himself had so long been. His power is not understood by his daughter, who is but a child, but it is felt by his enemies. He plays with them as he pleases, compels them to repent their past treatment of him, and then pardons them with a calmness of superiority to which Timon could never have attained, but which is far from being that all-obliterating tenderness with which Imogen and Hermione forgive remorseful sinners.

There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstance.

Richard Garnett aptly observes, in his critical introduction to the play in the "Irving Edition," that Prospero finds it easy to forgive because, in his secret soul, he sets very little value on the dukedom he has lost, and is, therefore, roused to very little indignation by the treachery which deprived him of it. His daughter's happiness is the sole thing which greatly interests him now, and he carries his indifference to worldly matters so far that, without any outward compulsion, he breaks his magic wand and casts his books into the sea. Resu-

ming his place among the ranks of ordinary men, he retains nothing but his inalienable treasure of experience and reflection. I quote the following passage from Garnett on account of its remarkable correspondence with the general conception of Shakespeare's development set forth in this book.

"That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt entered very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality but in no way blighting or perverting it—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate perfection of both."

In other words, it is Shakespeare's own nature which overflows into Prospero, and thus the magician represents not merely the noble-minded great man, but the genius, imaginatively delineated, not, as in *Hamlet*, psychologically analysed. Audibly and visibly does Prospero's genius manifest itself, visible and audible also the inward and outward opposition he combats.

The two figures in which this spiritual power and this resistance are embodied are the most admirable productions of an artist's powers in this or any other age. Ariel is a supernatural, Caliban a bestially natural being, and both have been endowed with a human soul. They were not seen, but created.

Prospero is the master-mind, the man of the future, as shown by his control over the forces of Nature. He

passes as a magician, and Shakespeare found his prototype, as far as external accessories were concerned, in a scholar of mark and man of high principles, Dr Dee, who died in 1607. This Dr. Dee believed himself possessed of powers to conjure up spirits, good and bad, and on this account enjoyed a great reputation in his day. A man owning even a small share of the scientific knowledge of our times would inevitably have been regarded as a powerful magician at that date. In the creation of Prospero, therefore, Shakespeare unconsciously anticipated the results of time. He not merely gave him a magic wand, but created a poetical embodiment of the forces of Nature as his attendant spirit.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, " an enemy inveterate " (Act I. ii.), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the King of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigour, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake

of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Miranda.

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he

has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, "breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented be-

fore her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial:—

> "What is this maid?
> Is she the goddess who hath severed us,
> And brought us thus together?"

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; . . . and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quantity than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his

real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Caliban.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespear's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespear has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is " of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the

admirable German critic of Shakespear, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to him [Prospero] and at the extreme limit of the contrast, stands Caliban, the climax of wickedness and brutality, the very personification of the evil Will. He is only momentarily tamed by outward constraint and inward powerlessness; his will remains evil, and in him we have a proof of the irrefutable truth that evil, even though, by its own acts, it invariably annihilates itself and serves the purposes of what is good, still evil as Will cannot become converted either by any affliction or punishment, or by the clearest conviction of its helplessness. This seems to me to be the meaning, the poetical, because ethical, significance of this most strange of all the creatures ever formed by the poetical imagination—a creature in whom devil, animal and man, are equally blended, and who, in spite of his wholly fantastic abnormity, rises up before us with the vividness of actual reality. Caliban is no mere creation of a passing poetic fancy, no chance addition to the substance of the drama; for although he may have originated in Shakspeare's imagination from the fantastic and wondrous reports about the wild inhabitants (the cannibals) of the newly discovered continents, and although grotesquely formed and humorously exaggerated—so as to suit the fantastico-comic colouring of the whole—still he is a necessary member in the artistic organism of the piece. And as Prospero's mind is evidently one of more than ordinary endowments, and, like every historical leader of men, represents the higher idea of what is general, so Caliban, his organic opposite, is likewise no mere individual, but also the representative of what is general, the personified idea of human wickedness; in

him, in his defiance and arrogance and his blind, coarse sensuality, the demoniacal meets the brutal.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapors. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

VI.

Ariel.

Shakespeare has made Ariel an Elemental Being of the higher order, identified with the upward-tending elements of Air and Fire, and with the higher nature of man; and he has made Caliban an Elemental Being of the lower order, identified with the downward-tending elements of Earth and Water, and the lower nature of man.

The identification is too detailed to be fanciful. The very name of Ariel is borrowed from air, and he is directly addressed: 'Thou, which art but air.' The identification with fire is not less complete: when describing the lightning Ariel does not say that he *set* the ship a-fire, but that the ship was 'all a-fire *with me*':—

> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> *I* flamed amazement: sometime *I* 'ld divide
> And burn in many places.

We can see in him just the qualities of air and fire. He is invisible, but, like the lightning, can take shape as he acts. Like air and fire he can penetrate everywhere, treading the ooze of the salt deep, running upon the sharp wings of the north, doing business in the veins of earth when it is baked with frost. His natural speech is music, or waves of air. His ideas are the ideas associated with the atmosphere—liberty and omnipresence: to be 'free as mountain winds,' to fly on the bat's back merrily, couch in the cowslip's bell, live under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Like the atmosphere he *reflects* human emotions without feeling them.

> *Ariel.* If you now behold them, your affections
> Would become tender.
> *Prospero.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
> *Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

The analogy extends to character. Even a character can be found for the atmosphere: in place of our motive and passion it substitutes *caprice*—'the wind bloweth where it listeth.' So Ariel is 'moody,' or full of moods: and one of the most difficult incidents of the play—the quarrel between Prospero and Ariel—takes coherency, if we see in it Prospero governing this incarnation of caprice *by outcapricing him*; there is an absence of moral seriousness throughout, and a curious irony, by which Prospero, under the guise of invective, is bringing out Ariel's brave endurance and delicate refinement, and in the form of threats gives his rebellious subject more than he had asked for. Finally, a single passage is sufficient to connect Ariel with the upward tendencies of human nature. We hear the reason of his cruel sufferings at the hands of Sycorax.

> For thou wast a spirit too delicate
> To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
> Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
> By help of her more potent ministers,
> And in her most unmitigable rage,
> Into a cloven pine.

Nothing could more clearly paint the instincts of light oppressed by the power of darkness until the deliverer comes.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VII.

Sebastian and Antonio.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science. . . . Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime,

that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Interpretations.

In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare's dramas—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, As You Like It,* that are most admirable for this poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs; it is drowsy,

or breathes balm and refreshment; and murky with lightning, and heavy with dropping storm, around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieves the scene of the bare and desert isle. . . .

The Tempest may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antithesis, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth. The Tempest,* despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy; while, as the story of a throne lost and regained, of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, requited usurpation, *The Tempest* is so replete with " arguments of state," and leads thought so deep and wide into the theory and responsibilities of government, and the conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that are themes of critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

The Tempest takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete, animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest: and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let

or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences, to the utmost and most admirable perfection.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest,* a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

> "full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The personages comprise many types,—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave "not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of inven-

tion and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

STEDMAN: *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*

The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guesswork must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close. Even if this be thought too fanciful, nowhere has Shakespeare been more prodigal of every species of his enchantment. The exquisite but contrasted grace of Miranda and Ariel, the wonderful creation of Caliban, the varied human criticism in Gonzalo and the bad brothers, the farce-comedy of Stephano and Trinculo, do not more show the illimitable fancy and creative power of the master in scene and character than the passages, not so much scattered as showered over the whole play, show his absolute supremacy in poetry. Both in the blank verse and the lyrics, in the dialogue and the set *tirades*, in long contexts and short phrases alike, he shows himself absolute, with nothing out of reach of his faculty of expression and suggestion, with every resource of verbal music and intellectual demonstration at his command.

SAINTSBURY: *A Short History of English Literature.*

The Tempest.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN, } *Lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS }
CERES, }
JUNO, } *presented by Spirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

The Tempest.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend
to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst
thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Ganzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the
master? Play the men. 10
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour:
keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these

roarers for the name of king. To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.* 20

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.* 30

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! 40

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off. 50

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him. 60
[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.* 70

Scene II.

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who 80
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates, 111
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition. 120
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set 141
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit.
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously. 241
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me. 260
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died, 279
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokst me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwilingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there; 380
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, 390
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change 400
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong,

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 410
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightest call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see, 419
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best? 430
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight 440
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward; 471
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban, 480
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day 490
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. 500

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock. 30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't. 40
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live. 50
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouched rarities are. 60
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to 70 the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple. 90

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed 110
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt 121
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at 130
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly. 140

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, 150
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, 160
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir? 170
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always used to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given! 180
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. 190
[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why 200
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely 210
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do 220
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 230
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is 240
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom 250
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death 260
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember 270
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon, 281
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, 290
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie, 300
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, 310
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise, 320
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground: and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which 10
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black 20 cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: 30 there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*
[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been

said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me.—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather. 70

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. 80

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me! 90

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak

well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano! 100

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of 110 this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 121

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which

the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly. 130

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 140

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in 150 good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young seamews from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll 180 fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom! 190
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself; 20
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand! 91
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.
Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.
Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10
Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou

shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard. 20

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that 30 hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The 40 poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest. 50

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest, 60
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, 70
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied? 80
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off. 90
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him 100
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, 110
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: 120
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free. 130

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard? 140
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again. 150
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe 21
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,— 30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power; 90
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and 100
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are found-
der'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke. 31
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.* 50

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, 99
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earthes increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 130
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee. 169
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through 179
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone, 231
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace. 240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low. 250

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn
you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: 30
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid— 40
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. 61
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience 140
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish 150
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke 159
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found 221
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done? 240

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit: 251
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. —Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power. 271
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?— 280
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands: 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

A Galleon of the Sixteenth Century.

Glossary.

A = on; II. i. 185.
Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.
Achës (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.
Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.
Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.
Adventure, to risk; II. i. 187.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.
Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.
A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i.e.* "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 49.
Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.
Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!" II. ii. 98.
An, if; II. i. 181.
Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.
Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.
As, as if; II. i. 121.
Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.
Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.
Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.
Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.
Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.
Barnacles, barnacle geese; "it was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed

From the Harleian MSS., XIV. cent.

to the action of the sea, became when broken off a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese" (*cf.* Sir John Maundevile's *Travels*); IV. i. 249.

Base, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 185.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, i.e. take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, i.e. Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," etc. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries, see Notes; I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes, with livid eyelids; I. ii. 269.

Boil'd (*ff.* '*boile,*' Pope's correction), frenzied; V. i. 60.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 21. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 152.

From a specimen (no longer extant) at Flixton Hall, Suffolk.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 411.

Bring to try; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 35.

Broom-groves, rich copses of broom (*Spartium scoparium*); or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista,* pathless woods; IV. i. 66.

Budge, stir; V. i. 11.

Burthen, undersong; I. ii. 381.

But, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than, I. ii. 119.

By and by, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Can, is able to make; IV. i. 27.

Candied, converted into sugar, (?) congealed; II. i. 279 (*v.* Notes).

Capable, retentive; I. ii. 353.

Capering, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.

Carriage, burden; V. i. 3.

Case, condition; III. ii. 29.
Cast, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 251.
Cat (with reference to the old proverb that "good liquor will make a cat speak"); II. ii. 86.
Catch, a part-song; III. ii. 126.
Certes, certainly; III. iii. 30.
Chalked forth, i.e. chalked out; V. i. 203.
Cherubin, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
Chirurgeonly, like a surgeon; II. i. 140.
Clear, blameless; III. iii. 82.
Closeness, retirement; I. ii. 90.
Cloudy, gloomy; II. i. 142.
Cockerel, the young cock; II. i. 31.
Coil, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
Come by, to acquire; II. i. 292.
Confederates, conspires; I. ii. 111.
Constant, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c.," *i.e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 119.
Content, desire, will; II. i. 269.
Control, contradict; I. ii. 439.
Coragio, courage; V. i. 258.
Corollary, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
Correspondent, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
Courses, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 52.
Crabs, crab-apples; II. ii. 171.
Crack, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.
Dear, zealous; I. ii. 179.
Dearest, most precious object; II. i. 135.
Deboshed, debauched; III. ii. 29.
Decked, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
Deep, profound, wise; II. i. 266.
Deliver, relate; V. i. 313.
Demanded, asked; I. ii. 139.
Dew-lapped, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to victims of "goitre"), see "*wallets of flesh*"; III. iii. 45.
Dis, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
Discase, undress; V. i. 85.
Discharge, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 254.
Distempered, excited; IV. i. 145.
Distinctly, separately; I. ii. 200.
Ditty, words of a song; I. ii. 405.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 33.
Dollar, used quibblingly with "dolour"; II. i. 18.
Dowle, a fibre of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 308; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 150.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," I. 21); II. ii. 42.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.

Dulness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 234.
Ebbing; "ebbing men," *i.e.* "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 226.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavour, laborious effort; II. i. 160.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 161.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 296.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 273.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 274.
Few; 'in few,' in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
Fish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 104.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 181.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 163.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 75.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 225.

From a print dated 1587.

Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 40.
Gallows; cf. "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 30.
Gave out, i.e. gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.

Glasses, hour-glasses, *i.e.* runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240, V. i. 223 (*cp.* VI. i. 186, '*three glasses*' = '*three hours,*' though the seaman's '*glass*' was usually half an hour).
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 60.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy; "the heavy offer," i.e. the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 194.
Help, cure; II. ii. 97.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 120.
Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance; "i. fumes" = "fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 179.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack; "played the Jack," *i.e.* the knave = "deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 236.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 276.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Land, laund, lawn; IV. i. 130.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33.
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i.e.* in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life; "good life," *i.e.* "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 246.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 235; *cf.* Note; and "UNDER THE LINE."
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.

Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathness, reluctance; II. i. 130.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 52.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 52.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 35.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 265.
Make a man, i.e. make a man's fortune; II. ii. 32.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 174.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 230.
Meanders, winding paths or (probably) circles (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 259.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the master of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 55.
Mettle, disposition, ardour; II. i. 182.
Minion, favourite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music of which razed the walls of Thebes; II. i. 86.
Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.
Mo, more; II. i. 133.
Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.
Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 111.
Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 286.
Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.
Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.
Much; "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii, 252.
Mum, hush; III. ii. 59.
Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 37.
Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.
Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 73.
Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.
Nimble, excitable; II. i. 173.
Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 71.
Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to

From the title-page of the comedy of "*No-body and Some-body*, with the *true Chronicle Historie of Elidure*" (before 1600).

the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody*; III. ii. 136.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 248.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 170.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 307.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 221.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i.e.* "of sleep" = "a-sleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 194.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 114.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own; "no man was his o.," *i.e.* "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favourite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 244.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 71.

Pate; "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 244.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 98.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70.

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

Piece, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.

Pied, motley-coated; III. ii. 71.

Pig-nuts, earth-nuts; II. ii. 172.

Pioned, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighbourhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Plantation, colonisation; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 143.

Play, act the part of; "play the men," *i.e.* behave like men; I. i. 10.

Point, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.

Pole-clipt, with poles clipt, or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.

Poor-John, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 28.

Premises, conditions; I. ii. 123.
Presented, represented; IV. i. 167.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
Princess' (Ff. princesse), princesses; I. ii. 173.
Profess, to make it one's business; II. i. 236.
Profit, to profit; I. ii. 172.
Provision, foresight; I. ii. 28.
Purchased, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
Putter-out; "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out,* a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return, *i.e.* "at the rate of five for one" (*cf.* "*put forth some five thousand pounds to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court at Constantinople*"; *E. Man out of His Humour,* II. i.); III. iii. 48.

Quaint, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
Quality, skill; I. ii. 193.
Quick, living, fresh; III. ii. 75.
Quickens, gives life to; III. i. 6.

Rabble, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
Race, breed; I. ii. 358.
Rack, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
Rate, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 109.
Razorable, ready for shaving; II. i. 250.
Rear, raise; II. i. 295.
Reason, what is reasonable; III. ii. 128.
Reasonable; "reasonable shore," *i.e.* "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
Recover, restore; II. ii. 71, 79, 97.
Reeling-ripe, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
Release; "till your release" = till you release them; V. i. 11.
Remember, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
Remembrance, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 232.
Remorse, pity; V. i. 76.
Requit, requited; III. iii. 71.
Resolve, explain to; V. i. 248.
Rid, destroy; I. ii. 364.
Room, sea-room; I. i. 8.
Rounded; "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

Sack, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 126.
Sanctimonious, holy; IV. i. 16.
Sans, without; I. ii. 97.
Scamels; folio reading, here changed to "seamews"; *cf.* Notes; II. ii. 176.
Scandal'd, scandalous; IV. i. 99.
Securing, guarding; II. i. 310.
Sedged, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 107.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 173.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, i.e. shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 319.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 42.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 110.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort; possibly a punning allusion to "sort" = "lot"; II. i. 104.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 101.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 81.
South-west; "a south-west," *i.e.* a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 183.
Spoon; "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 103.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Spurs, spreading roots; V. i. 47.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 18 (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 19.
Standing; "standing water," *i.e.* water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 221.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii. 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 79.
Stomach, courage, I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 107.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 81.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties; the word "subtility" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 306.
Suffered, i.e. suffered death; II. ii. 38.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 288.

Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.

Tabor and pipe, from Brit. Mus. MSS., Add. 12228.

Swabber, one who sweeps or swabs the deck of a ship; II. ii. 48.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.

Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 160.

Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.

Talking, saying; II. i. 96.

Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 52.

Taste, experience; V. i. 123.

Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.

From the basement of a tomb in the Church of Folleville (Dept. of the Somme).

Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

Temperance, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; "*Temperance was a delicate wench*"; II. i. 42, 43.

Tender, to regard; II. i. 270.

Thatched, covered, strewn; IV. i. 6.

Third = thrid, thread; IV. i. 3.

Throe, to cause pain; II. i. 231.

Throughly, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.

Tilth, tillage; II. i. 152.

To, for, as; II. i. 75; in comparison with; II. i. 178.

Tend, attend; I. i. 6.

Trash, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.

Trebles; "tr. thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 221.

Trembling, the "*tremor*" which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 83.

Trencher (*first Folio,* trenchering, due to the previous words ining); II. ii. 187.

Trice; "on a tr.," i.e. "in an instant"; V. i. 238.

Tricksy, sportive; V. i. 226.

Trifle, phantom; V. i. 112.

Troll, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 126.

Twilled, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Twink, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

Under the line; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line" = "to lose the game"; IV. i. 236 (*cf.* Note and Line).

Undergoing, enduring; I. ii. 157.

Unicorn (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.

MSS. Brit. Mus., Add. 11390.

Unstanched, incontinent; I. i. 48.
Up-staring, standing on end; I. ii. 213.
Urchins, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.
Urchin-shows, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.
Use, to be accustomed; II. i. 175.

Vanity, illusion; IV. i. 41.
Vast, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.
Verily, true; II. i. 321.
Virgin-knot; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.
Visitation, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.
Visitor, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.
Vouched, warranted; II. i. 60.

Waist, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.
Wallets of flesh, alluding to the strange appearance of the goitre (*cf.* "*dew-lapped*").

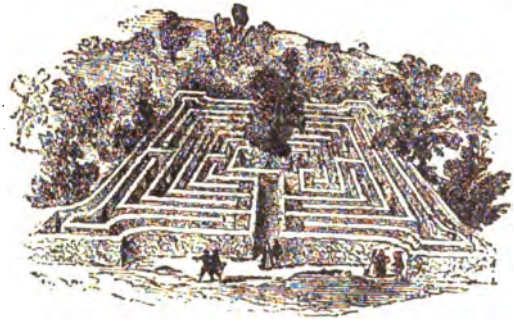
A Tyrolese peasant with a goitre [(from a sketch by G. Herring) Knight].

Ward, attitude of defence; I. ii. 471.
Weather, storm; I. i. 37.
Weather-fends, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.
Weighed, considered, pondered; II. i. 130.
Wench (used as a term of endearment); I. ii. 139. 412.
Wezand, windpipe; III. ii. 99.
When (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.
While-ere, short time since; III. ii. 127.
Whist, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.
Wicked, baneful; I. ii. 321.
Wide-chapped, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 56.
Windring (not found elsewhere) (?) "winding" or "wandering"; IV. i. 128.
Wink, the act of closing the eye, II. i. 285 (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 242).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 216.
Wisest; "after the wisest," i.e. "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 77.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i.e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready! I. i. 6; I. i. 34.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 3.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (= subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.



A Maze; *see* Note III. iii. 2.
Projected from an engraving in *The Country Housewife's Garden* (1617).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 68. '*long heath, brown furze*'; so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—'ling, heath, broom, furze.'

I. ii. 24. '*my magic garment*'; the magician's mantle, circle, and book (*cp.* Act V.) are well illustrated by the following woodcut:—

From the History of Doctor John Faustus (1664).

I. ii. 100. '*Who having into truth*'; 'into,' used in the sense of 'unto,' and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; 'into truth' depends upon 'a sinner'; and 'it' refers vaguely to 'his own lie'; 'to credit' = 'as to credit.'

I. ii. 169. '*Now I arise*'; probably derived from astrology; 'now my star is in the ascendant'; it should be noted that the stage direction 'Resumes his mantle' is not in the Folios.

I. ii. 266. '*for one thing she did*'; Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in

order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original. I am, however, strongly inclined to suggest that there is no mystery about the passage; the 'one thing she did' probably anticipates 'hither brought with child'; for that reason alone her life was spared.

I. ii. 333. *'stroakst me and made,'* so Folios; Rowe, 'strokedst me and madest,' so Camb. Ed. and Mod. Edd. generally.

I. ii. 334. *'Water with berries in 't;'* Mr. W. G. Gosling quotes the following striking parallel from Strachey's Narrative:—"They are full of shaws of goodly cedars . . . The berries whereof our men straining, and letting stand some three or four daies, made a kind of pleasant drink."

I. ii. 378, 379. *'kiss'd The wild waves whist'*; so the Folios; *i.e.* 'Kissed the wild waves into silence;' often printed with a comma after 'kissed.'

I. ii. 461. *'I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:'* specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London. Knight gives the accompanying illustrative sketch.

II. i. 5. *'The masters of some merchant'*; *ie.* 'the owners of some merchantman'; Steevens suggested 'mistress' (old spelling 'maistres'); the Cambridge editors 'masters' (*i.e.* 'master's wife).

II. i. 12. *'he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike'*; watches that struck the hours were known as early as the commencement of the XVIth century; the striking portion of the accompanying specimen is an alarum which acts to any hour at option.

From the collection belonging to the late R. Bernal.

II. i. 27. *'which, of he or Adrian'*; 'he' for 'him,' used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, 'he will be talking.'

II. i. 35, 36. The Folios read: 'Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*' Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. Ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb 'let them laugh that win. Capell ingeniously suggested that the Folio reading should stand, with the slight change of 'you've paid' for 'you're paid.'

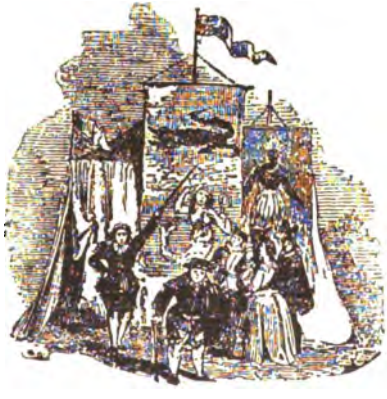
II. i. 127. '*who hath cause*'; the antecedent of 'who' is most probably 'she'; some make the relative refer to 'eye,' *i.e.* 'which hath cause to weep.'

II. i. 131. '*should bow*'; so Folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e.g.* 'she'd bow'; 'which end the beam should bow'; the omission of the pronoun 'it' or 'she' before 'should' can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.

II. i. 243. '*But doubt discovery there*'; *i.e.* 'Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there.'

II. i. 250. '*she that from whom*'; the unnecessary 'that' is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of 'she that.'

II. i. 279. '*candied*'; generally explained as 'sugared over, and so insensible; congealed;' perhaps a better interpretation is 'made sweet as sugar,' as in the phrase 'the candied tongue.' Is Antonio possibly playing on 'candied' and 'candid' (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?



II. ii. 28. '*A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,*' etc; an allusion to the popularity of exhibitions of strange monsters, to which there are many allusions in contemporary records. The accompanying drawing is from a print of the time of Charles I.

From Topsell's "*Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, describing the true and lively figure of every Beast,*" 1607.

II. ii. 67. '*This is some monster of the isle with four legs*'; Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures: perhaps Topsell's famous '*Historie*' was in Stephano's mind.

II. ii. 80. '*I will not take too much for him;*' *i.e.* 'I will take as much as I can possibly get.'

II. ii. 176. '*seamews*'; Fol. '*scamels,*' so Camb. Ed.: but the word is in all probability an error for 'seamells' or 'seamews,' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's accounts of the Bermudas:—"a kind of web-footed fowle of the bignesse of a sea-mew" (Quoted by W. G. Gosling). Many emendations have been made; 'staniel' (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night* (II. v. 124), though the editions read 'stallion.' Mr. Wright has, however, pointed out that, according to Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," "the female 'Bar-tailed Godwit' is called a 'Scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney."

III. i. 15. '*Most busy least, when I do it*'; the first folio retained by Camb. Ed. "most busy lest, when I do it." Various readings have been suggested; Pope, 'least busy when I do it'; Theobald, 'most busie-less when I do it'; Holt, 'most busiest, when I do it'; Spedding, 'most busiest when idlest,' etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—'most busy least, when I do it'; *i.e.* 'most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work.' A comma after 'busy' instead of after 'least' would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios; Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read 'labour' for 'labours.'

III. iii. 2. '*here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders*'; *i.e.* prob. 'through straight lines and circles, one of the most usual forms of the maze,' according to Halliwell, who gives the engraving of one, from a collection in the *Maison Rus-*

tique, or the Country Farme, 4to, Lond. 1606. According to other commentators, 'meanders' = meandering paths, without absolutely reference to 'circles.' (See engraving at the end of Glossary.)

III. iii. 39. '*Praise in departing*'; a proverbial expression: "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."

III. iii. 52. '*Ariel, like a harpy*'; probably suggested by the harpy-episode in the Third Book of *Æneid.*

IV. i. 60. '*fetches,*' so Ff. an archaic and provincial form; Camb. Ed. '*vetches.*'

IV. i. 64. '*pioned and twilled*'; various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—'peonied and lilied,' 'tullip'd,' 'tilled,' etc. It is noted that 'piony' is an old spelling of 'peony,' and that the flower was formerly spoken of as 'the mayden piony' and 'virgin peonie.' In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)

A harpy carrying away a lady, from a bas-relief on an ancient tomb preserved in the British Museum.

IV. i. 110. Mr. Wright suggests that '*earths*' should be read as a dissyllable, '*earthes*'; this suggestion has been adopted in the present text; the second, third, and fourth folios read '*and*' before 'foison.'

IV. i. 123. '*So rare a wonder'd father and a wise*'; some few copies of the first folio are said to read '*wife*' (a reading independently suggested by Rowe): the harsh change has little to commend itself.

IV. i. 147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius,* by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no but reeds, soone bruis'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

IV. i. 193. The folios read '*hang on them.*'

IV. i. 221. '*O King Stephano; O peer!*' an illusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

> "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
> His breeches cost him but a crowne,
> He held them sixpence all to deere;
> Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 92.

IV. i. 231. '*Let's alone*'; some verb of motion must be understood, *i.e.* 'let us go alone' (leaving Trinculo behind); '*alone*' is possibly an error of the folios for '*along,*' as suggested by Theobald.

IV. i. 237. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair."—STEEVENS.

IV. i. 264. '*lies*' (probably correctly, the verb preceding the plural noun), so Ff.; Camb. Ed. '*lie.*'

V. i. 23, 24. The first and second folios place a comma after '*sharply,*' making '*passion*' a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.

V. i. 39. '*mushrumps*' (the old form of the word), so Ff.; Camb. and Mod. Edd. '*mushrooms.*'

V. i. 309. '*beloved,*' trisyllabic; Ff. '*belov'd.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*On a ship at sea*] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony. . . . It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."

10. Act with spirit, behave like men. So 1 *Henry VI.*, I. vi. 16: "When they shall hear how we have play'd the men."

34. Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

35. *Bring her to try with main-course*:—This was apparently a common nautical phrase, meaning to keep as close to the wind as possible. Thus, in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course*." Smith also has the phrase in his *Sea Grammar*, 1627.

48. *unstanched*:—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chi-

lias says to the Priestess: "Be quiet, and be *stanch* too; no *inundations.*"

49. *set her two courses*:—Captain Glascock, a nautical critic, says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

70. Lord Mulgrave declares that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: . . . the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do."

Scene II.

19. *more better*:—The doubling of comparatives is frequent among writers of Shakespeare's time.

25. *Lie there, my art*:—"Lord Burleigh," says Fuller (*Holy State*, iv. 6), "when he put off his gown at night, used to say, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'"

50. *abysm*:—An old form of *abyss*; from the old French *abisme*.

81. *To trash for over-topping*:—To check the overgrowth. A hunting-term which meant to check or hamper a dog so that he would not *overtop* or outrun the pack. A *trash* was a halter fastened to a dog's neck and dragging on the ground. "*Who*

to trash" accords with the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day.

92. *O'er-prized all popular rate*:—The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the state a prey to violence and usurpation.

97. *sans bound*:—Without limit. "A general combination," says Nares, "seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language; but in vain; the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation." In *As You Like It* (II. vii. 166) *sans* occurs four times in a single line.

155. *deck'd*:—Some good editors think this should be *degg'd*, a provincial word, as explained in Carr's *Glossary*, and in several others, for *sprinkle*. Dyce regards *deck'd* as a form, perhaps a corruption, of *degg'd*—a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle*. This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one.

190-192. *To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly*, etc.:—Fletcher's imitation of this passage in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, is thus quoted by Henley:—

"Tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle ayre, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moone, and gently make
Suit to the pale queene of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," etc.

194. *to point*:—To the minutest detail; exactly; like the French *à point*.

200. *distinctly*:—That is separately, in different places at once. To quote from the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555: "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would

be in two or three places at once." This is a description of the electrical phenomenon known as "Saint Elmo's fire"—"a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *corpos sancto*. Shakespeare may have been thinking of this.

209. *fever of the mad*:—Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

229. "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by monsters and devils.

326. *urchins*:—Fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

327. *that vast of night*:—So in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 198: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night"; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love, or sport, or mischief.

370. As *ache* used to be pronounced like the letter *h*, the plural *aches*, was a dissyllable, as it is here required to be by the measure. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. A clamour was raised among the critics against John Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage. See, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. vii. 7, 8: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H."

373. *Setebos*:—The name of an American god, or rather devil, worshiped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile*, 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshipers, wherein the author says: "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." White mentions this allusion as "another evidence that Shakespeare had been reading books of American discovery before he wrote this play."

378, 379. *kiss'd The wild waves whist*:—That is, kissed or soothed the raging waves into silence or stillness. This is a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is

usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original.

427. *maid*:—Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess; he now asks if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.

443. *done yourself some wrong*:—Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

55. *an eye of green*:—A *tinge* or shade of green. So in Sandy's *Travels*: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green"; and Bayle says, "Red with an *eye* of blue."

87. *the miraculous harp*:—An allusion to the myth of Amphion, King of Thebes, a great musician, to whom the god Mercury gave a lyre, wherewith the King charmed the stones and thus made them take their places in the walls of the city. To the building of the walls by the power of music, Wordsworth has this reference:—

> "The gift to King Amphion,
> That wall'd a city with its melody."

126, 127. *your eye, Who*:—The meaning of this will probably appear if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately of persons and things.

143. *Had I plantation of this isle*:—That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. Some editors, even of a recent day, have so misunderstood this expression as to give, "Had I *a* plantation," etc.; and in the French translation the word is rendered *defricher*, a purely agricultural term, meaning, to clear, to bring under cultivation. Tieck and Schlegel correctly give **pflanzung**, which corresponds exactly to the word of the original in both its significations.

> "for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate."

This passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's Essays, in which (Book I. Chap. xxx., *Of the Caniballes*), according to Florio's translation, published in 1603, this passage occurs:—

"It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike, superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."

Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Shakespeare might have read the Essay in the original, but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation indicate the latter as the source of Gonzalo's policy.

266. *A chough*:—A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

9. To *mow* is to *make mouths*:—So in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

12. *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

31. *make a man*:—Make a man's fortune; set a man up. Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. ii. 17, 18: "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men*." Also in *Othello*, I. ii. 51: "If it prove lawful prize, he's *made* forever." "We are all *made men*"; and in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*: "She's a wench was born to *make us all*."

40. A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

80. *I will not take too much for him*:—A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

86. *will give language to you, cat*:—Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink"; "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*"; and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*."

115. *moon-calf*:—An imaginary monster, supposed to be pro-

duced by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* it is described as "a lump of flesh without shape, without life."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. The delight those painful sports give us offsets the labour they call for. So in Macbeth, II. iii. 54: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

72. *what else*:—Whatsoever else.

91. A thousand thousand farewells.

Scene II.

69. *pied ninny*:—Alluding to Trinculo's motley dress; he was a professional fool or jester. See use of *patch* in *Merchant of Venice*, II. v. 46, to the same effect.

133, 134. *the picture of Nobody*:—A common sign, which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a woodcut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, which represented this personage.

158. *this taborer*:—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus*, 1579. To some of these Milton also alludes in *Comus*:—

> "Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
> And aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Scene III.

1. *By 'r lakin* is a contraction of *by our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our Lady*.

21. Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. *A living drollery* is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

23. *one tree, the phœnix' throne*, etc.:—Shakespeare and others

of the old poets frequently refer to the phœnix. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* is this passage: "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix . . . for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." And Lyly, in his *Euphues*, says: "As there is but one phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth."

86, 87. *with good life And observation strange*:—Johnson says: "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the life.'" To Hudson the explanation seems to be: "With all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

105. *Like poison*, etc.:—The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

108. Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. In Shakespeare, as Nares observes, *ecstasy* "stands for every species of" such mental affection, "whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *virgin-knot*:—An allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding.

64. *pioned and twilled brims*:—Dr. Johnson gives piony as another form for *peony*. Milton, whose poetical language is so much allied to Shakespeare's as often to afford a good comment upon him, has in his *Arcades* the line, "By sandy Ladon's lilied banks"; which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of *The Tempest*"; and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." White and Rolfe prefer *lilied*; Hudson (Harvard ed.) has *peoned and twilled*. The Cambridge editors, following

the old text, are supported, in respect to their interpretation of *twilled* ("covered with reeds or sedges") by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, quoted by Hudson: "*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds*; and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet."

81. *Bosky acres* are *woody* fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

119. *Harmonious charmingly* is charmingly harmonious.

123. *So rare a wonder'd father*, etc.:—A father able to produce such wonders.

130. *crisp channels*:—*Crisp* means *curled* from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 *King Henry IV.*, I. iii. 106, it is that the river Severn "hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

155. *faded*:—From the Latin *vado*: it means *vanished*.

156. *rack*:—According to Bacon, in his *Silva Silvarum*, this word was used of the highest and therefore thinnest or lightest clouds: "The winds in the upper regions (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.

166. *to meet with*:—This was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's *Country Parson*: "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

187. *stale*:—In the art of fowling, this term signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

262. *Pard* was a common term for leopard, and likewise for *panther*. *Cat o' mountain* probably means *wildcat*.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

33. *Ye elves*, etc.:—This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (book vii.). The expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Gold-

ing. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own. The following passages are interesting for comparison:—

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again;
By charmes *I raise and lay the windes*, and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woodes and forrests I remoue, *I make the mountains shake*,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone;
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone*.
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."

37. *green sour ringlets*:—Circles on the grass formerly supposed to have been made by elves dancing in a ring by night; "fairy rings"; now explained as circular growths of fungi in the fields.

41. *Weak masters*:—The usual explanation is, weak if left to themselves, because wasting their power, but strong as auxiliaries, or when wisely guided to good ends. Jephson, however, interprets in a different manner, by some preferred. He says that "*masters* is only used ironically, as a term of slight contempt." Others think that the "irony" is not contemptuous, but "affectionate."

60. *boil'd*:—That is, *boiling, seething*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, III. iii. 64, 65: "these *boiled* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. 4: "Lov-

ers and madmen have such *seething* brains." See also *Twelfth Night,* II. v. 3.

91, 92. Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. This appears the most natural as well as the most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?

124. *subtilties*:—Quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

145. *As great to me as late*:—As great as it is recent. Some have, "As great to me, as late," and explain: "As great to me, *and* as recent."

244. *conduct*:—Conductor or guide. Frequently so in Shakespeare.

246. *beating on*:—There is a similar expression now in use: "Still *hammering* at it."

269-271. *one so strong . . . power*:—Hudson explains, one "who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command." *Without her power* is *beyond,* etc. So often.

EPILOGUE.

9, 10. *release me . . . hands*:—That is, by the clapping of your hands. Noise was supposed to dissolve spells or enchantments. Thus before in this play—IV. i. 126, 127: "hush, and be mute, or else our *spell is marr'd.*" Students of the English Drama are familiar with the fact that its Prologues and Epilogues are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays. Shakespeare's is no exception to this general rule, and it is White's opinion that this Epilogue, although appearing in the Folio, was certainly not written by the author of *The Tempest.* It is enough only to note the poor and commonplace thoughts and the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm. It now seems plain to nearly all Shakespearians that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare. As Hudson remarks, "The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him." Other Epilogues which appear not to have been written by Shakespeare are that to *2 Henry IV.* and that to *Henry VIII.*

Questions on The Tempest.

1. Where did the plot of *The Tempest* originate? Where did Shakespeare probably find materials?

ACT FIRST.

2. Where is the scene of the drama laid?

3. What has been said of the seamanship displayed in Sc. i.? If it was without defect, to what are we to attribute the shipwreck?

4. With what petition does Miranda first appear? What fears fill her mind? What sense of pity?

5. What reassurance does she get from Prospero? What hint do we derive as to the intent of the play?

6. What foreshadowing is there in the statement that the long-delayed revelations Prospero should make to Miranda were demanded by the very minute?

7. Give in outline the story of Prospero's misfortunes which he recounts to Miranda. How differently does the influence of a woman show in *The Tempest* and in *Hamlet*?

8. What quality has Miranda that Prospero lacks? What quality has Prospero that is lacking in Miranda?

9. What reason does Prospero give for raising the storm? What justification of his reason? What parallelism do you find in *Hamlet*?

10. What is the agency that Prospero employs to work enchantment? What is enchantment? What does Ariel report of his doings with the ship and mariners?

11. In what material forms does Ariel appear? What was the history of Ariel previous to Prospero's advent upon the island? With what injunction is he dismissed from the first interview?

12. Who was Sycorax? Caliban? How is Caliban described?

13. What traits does Caliban display? Has knowledge been a benefit to him? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him?

14. How is Ferdinand introduced? What is Miranda's first impression of him?

15. What is Ferdinand's impression cf Miranda and of Prospero?

16. What precipitate action does Prospero wish to forestall? What is his reason for so wishing?

17. Does Prospero's power of enchantment extend over other than physical nature?

18. What is to be the episode of this play? What its enveloping atmosphere?

19. State the human emotions that will play a part.

ACT SECOND.

20. Who are the members of the King's train? What traits similar to Polonius does Gonzalo possess?

21. What spirit seems to animate this group? Which of them have the more biting wit?

22. What manifestations of Prospero's power do this group first observe?

23. What backward glance over events is given that is necessary to account for the presence of the shipwrecked party on the island?

24. What attitude does Sebastian show towards the griefs of Alonso? Is there here any foreshadowing of future events?

25. What were the nature and source of the ideal commonwealth that Gonzalo describes? Does Shakespeare introduce this passage as a satire on current ideas of his era? May it be said to have a purpose in harmony with the imaginative character of the play?

26. Is there any reason to believe that Prospero abstained from exercising his power of enchantment over Sebastian and Antonio?

27. Do you think it is at Prospero's suggestion that the two men plot? What does Ariel's speech on re-entrance imply?

28. What moral quality does imagination overcome in this plotting?

29. How are the purposes of Antonio and Sebastian thwarted?

30. What quality of mind does Caliban display in his speech recounting his sufferings? From the dramatist's view-point is there any spirit of caricature here?

31. What are some of Trinculo's satirical comments on Caliban? Are they capable of wider application?

32. Why does Caliban fear torment from Trinculo and Stephano? What character of mind does he display in his quick change from fear to worship?

33. What types are brought in vivid contrast in Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano? Who shows to highest advantage? Why does Caliban speak in blank verse and the others in prose?

34. Could Caliban ever be otherwise than under subjection to some one? What is the freedom he praises contrasted with that Ariel desires? What is the satirical import of this scene?

ACT THIRD.

35. What purpose had Prospero in giving the laborious work to Ferdinand?

36. How does Miranda show her sympathetic nature? What does it bring out in Ferdinand?

37. Interpret lines 31, 32: *Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.* Is Prospero's love for his daughter or for his art paramount here?

38. Is Miranda less charming for being so purely feminine? Is it not the temptation of most novelists in picturing a woman, educated in ignorance of other women, to make them sexless creations?

39. Compare this scene with the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet.* Show how one is idyllic and the other romantic.

40. What satirical foreshowing of the plot to kill Prospero does Trinculo utter in the beginning of Sc. ii.? Who proposes the plot?

41. Why does Ariel try to instigate quarrels among the plotters?

42. What does Caliban say about Prospero's books? About Miranda? Are his perceptions of the worth of books and of women consonant with his brutish nature? Would he use them to improve himself or degrade them to exalt himself?

43. To which of the party does the weariness still cling as shown by Sc. iii.?

44. What is the effect of the apparition on Sebastian and Antonio? Which are the three addressed by Ariel?

45. Prospero has accomplished his end of bringing his enemies into his power; does this mark the climax of the drama?

46. How does the charm affect each?

47. Summarize Act III. and show how imagination triumphs over all other powers.

ACT FOURTH.

48. How does Prospero release Ferdinand from bondage?
49. Is Ariel possessed of moral qualities?
50. What part of the pageant is foreshadowed in the repeated warning of Prospero (line 50)?
51. What does the pageant celebrate? What classical figures take part? Over what part of nature does each exercise a function?
52. What interruption does the pageant suffer? How does Prospero moralize when he has dissolved it?
53. What feeling is uppermost in his mind over the facts that have caused the sudden dissolution of the play?
54. What has happened to Caliban and his fellow plotters since we saw them last?
55. Of whom does Prospero speak, line 188 *et seq.*? How is he affected by the failure of his efforts "humanely taken"?
56. What is the bait laid out to catch the plotters? How does Caliban show superior mentality in this crisis?
57. What agencies does Prospero employ to punish them? How does this contrast with the punishment laid on the King's train? What is the symbolical purport of these punishments?
58. Show how this Act is an exponent of poetic justice.

ACT FIFTH.

59. Does Prospero feel exaltation through the success of his charms? Why should Ariel have to suggest to him the need of human qualities?
60. To what state does Prospero say that his charms are designed to bring the sinners?
61. Why does Prospero feel even *so potent art* as he possesses insufficient for himself, so that he will break his staff and bury his book?
62. Does Prospero's forgiveness come before any show of penitence on the part of the sinners?

63. What detachment from human interests does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners?

64. What state of mind does Gonzalo show on being released from the spell?

65. What special forgiveness does Prospero extend to Sebastian and Antonio?

66. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love story of the play?

67. What is the significance of the game of chess?

68. Of what nature is Miranda's impression of the world? Show how Miranda's view of mankind is completed by Hamlet's *What a piece of work is man*, etc.

69. How does the reasoning of Gonzalo, 206 *et seq.*, resemble Polonius?

70. What quality at variance with the general tenor of the play does the Boatswain's tale introduce? What dramatic effect is hereby produced?

71. How does Alonso attempt a solution of the mysteries presented? How does Prospero reassure him? How does Alonso typify the untutored mind?

72. What humorous topsy-turvy does Stephano show? Compare Caliban's exclamation on seeing the King's party with Miranda's. Is Caliban's admiration unalloyed?

73. What have Sebastian and Antonio said after being brought out of the spell? What profound observation of human nature has Shakespeare shown in depicting the different states of mind of the King's party after they have met with deliverance by an overruling Providence?

74. What is Caliban's departing reflection?

75. Why does Ariel say nothing as he is dismissed?

76. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?

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77. How do you reconcile Prospero's ascendancy in the play with his weakness as administrator of his dukedom? Has he gained perfect mastery of himself? Mention two instances where his old habit nearly caused grave disasters.

78. Contrast the motives that actuate Caliban, Ariel, and Ferdinand in their labors for Prospero? Is there pleasure in work itself to any of them?

79. As a father, compare and contrast Prospero with Lear, Shylock, Frederick (*As You Like It*).

80. May Miranda be called a character? Of what moral qualities is she sensible?

81. How is the disparity of female characters in the play partially supplemented by suggestion?

82. How does Ferdinand compare with Romeo, Florizel, Lucio?

83. Summarize the elements that go to make up Caliban. What had been Prospero's relation to him? What changes had this relation made in him? Was the possession of the island left to Caliban?

84. What elements compose Ariel? What sympathy does nature show for him?

85. What is the function of music in this play?

86. In the various stages of the action, what use is made of the dramatic element of contrast?

87. If Providence has for its function the exercise of mercy and judgement, show how Providence through the agency of enchantment is the ruling motif of this play.

88. What saves the play from anti-climax after Prospero renounces enchantment?

89. What supreme flights of poetry does this play contain?

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Preface.

The Editions. The earliest known edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a Quarto printed in 1602 with the following title-page:—

"A most pleasuant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humours of Sir *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow,* and his wise Cousin M. *Slender.* With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll,* and Corporall *Nym.* By *William Shakespeare.* As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines Seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Churchyard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne" (reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*; a facsimile is included in Dr. Furnival's Shakespeare Quartos, Quaritch). A second Quarto, a mere reprint of the first, appeared in 1619.

In the first Folio the play occupies pp. 39-60; its length there is more than double that of the Quartos, from which it differs to such an extent as to give the impression of being a revised and expanded version of a mere garbled and pirated sketch.

Date of Composition. The first Quarto was entered in the Stationers' Registers under date 18th Jan. 1602;

the play was probably written after *Henry V.*, *i.e.* after the middle of the year 1599. In the epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* a promise had been given to continue the story with Sir John in it; this promise was not kept in *Henry V.*; and "The Merry Wives," according to a well authenticated tradition, was composed by command of the Queen, "who obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight: a prodigious thing when all is well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion" (Gildon, 1710; Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702; *cp.* title-page of 1602 edition).

The date of the first composition of the play may with certainty be placed at about 1600 (probably Christmas, 1599).*

An old tradition identifies Justice Shallow with Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy (of the deer-poaching story); Lucy died in July, 1600, and it is held by some that the Poet would not have waited "till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him." At the same time it is noteworthy that the "dozen white luces" is only found in the Folio, not in the Quarto editions. The question at issue, on which scholars are divided, is whether the Quarto represents a pirated edition of an early sketch of the play, revised and enlarged in the first Folio version, or whether both versions are to be referred back to the same original. In support of the former theory it is alleged that the substitution of "King" in the Folio (I. i. 112) for "council" of the Quarto, the possible reference to the cheapening of knighthood ("These knights will hack," II. i. 52), and similar internal evidence, point to the reign of James I.; these scholars there-

* Shakespeare acted in *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598, and the two plays have much in common (*cp. e.g.* Ford and Kitely; Nym's reiteration of 'humour,' etc.).

In the *Return from Parnassus*, acted at Cambridge, probably Christmas, 1601, the French Doctor is obviously an imitation of Dr. Caius.

fore date the Folio version about 1605. On the other hand, Mr. Daniel (Introduction to his editions) maintains that "the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages (*i.e.* passages actually the work, not of Shakespeare, but of the note-taker), its retention of (essential) passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot . . . lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio." He points out further that the alleged internal evidence of later revision is of little real value, but it is somewhat difficult to get rid of these minutiæ, and some slight revision after 1603 is not inconsistent with this latter theory.

The Sources. This comedy of contemporary manners probably owed very little to older plays or novels, but it contains incidents not uncommon in Italian and other stories. In the following tales a suspicious husband is baffled much in the same way as Master Ford:—(1) The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*; (2) The old English version of this story in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632, reprinted in 1685; (3) The Tale in *Straparola* similar to that in *Il Pecorone*; (4) The Tales of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's *Newes out of Pergatorie*, 1590; (5) The second tale from *Straparola*, in which the youth makes love to three ladies at once (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part I. vol. iii.).

Herne. It would seem that there existed in Shakespeare's day a tradition at Windsor that Herne was one of the keepers of the Park, who, having committed an offence for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost.

The difference between the Quarto and Folio reference to the story is noteworthy; the former reads:—

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed . . ."

The Folio makes the tale a more ancient one (*cp.* IV. iv. 36-38).

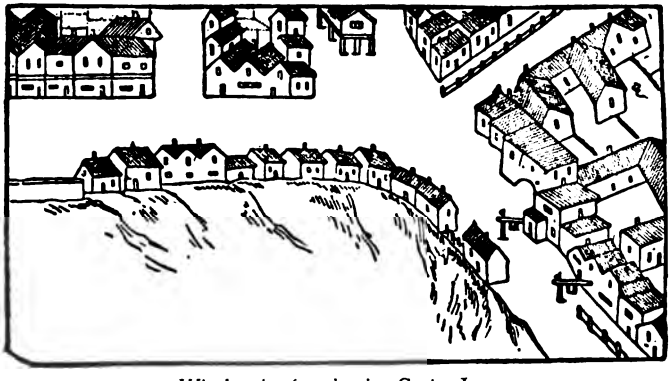
The earliest notice of "Herne's oak" is in a "Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park" (Eton, 1742); in a map a tree marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is represented as being on the edge of a pit just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Halliwell first printed, in his edition of the Quarto, a set of verses "Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796." Antiquarian research has demonstrated the exactness of Shakespeare's knowledge of Old Windsor (*cp.* Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor,* Vol. i. pp. 673-686).

Duration of Action. As the play stands in the Quartos and Folios it is impossible to arrange the time consistently, owing to the confusion as regards Falstaff's interviews with the Merry Wives in Act III. Scene v.; the errors are probably due to compression of the play for stage purposes. The first part of the scene, according to Mr. Daniel (*Transactions of New Shakespeare Society,* 1878-9), is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs Ford. He proposes to make Ford's portion of the scene commence the 4th Act, changing *good morrow* into *good even* (Act III. v. 28) and *this morning* into *to-morrow morning* (Act III. v. 46). According to this arrangement the following time analysis would result:—Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iv.; Day 2, Act II. Sc. i. to iii., Act III. Sc. i. to iv., and the Quickly portion of Sc. v.; Day 3, the Ford portion of Act III. Sc. v. to the end of the play.

If this suggestion is carried out, a further change is

necessary in Act V. i. 14, where *this morning* should be read in place of *yesterday*.

Time of Action. Though the play was in all probability composed after *Henry V.*, the action may be supposed to take place after the events recorded at the end of 2 *Henry IV.*; the further degradation of the character of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* belongs to the early years of "the madcap prince's" reign, when he had already renounced "the tutor and the feeder of his riot." The characters intimately associated with Falstaff were transferred with him from 2 *Henry IV.*, with the exception of 'Nym,' who appears for the first time in *Henry V.*; Shallow's 'cousin,' Slender, of *The Merry Wives*, takes the place of 'Silence' of 2 *Henry IV.*; Mrs Quickly is identical only in name with the Hostess Quickly of 1, 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*



Windsor in 1607, showing Garter Inn.
From Norden's bird's eye view of Windsor (1607)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sir John Falstaff has forsaken the warlike pursuits familiar to his friend Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V. of England, and is now devoted to the peaceful occupations of poaching and love-making, though not neglecting the drinking-cups of the tavern. Two women of Windsor, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, engage his attention at the same time; and he resolves to lay siege to their affections, notwithstanding both are married.

Mistress Page's daughter Anne is sought in marriage by Slender—largely through his friends; by Hugh Evans, a Welsh curate and schoolmaster; by Dr. Caius, a French physician; and by Fenton, a courtier.

II. Mistress Page and Mistress Ford each receive a love-letter from Falstaff, and upon comparing their missives they find them almost identical. Being women of wit as well as of virtue, they agree to work together towards humiliating the knight for his presumption. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him. His servants inform the husbands of the two women. Ford, under an assumed name, meets Falstaff and, pretending to be a suitor also for Mistress Ford, worms from the boastful Falstaff the secret of his appointment with her.

III. Falstaff is punctual to his meeting with Mistress Ford. But before he arrives, she and Mistress Page prepare a large basket of soiled linen in which Falstaff is to be conveyed to the river, under the pretense that this is the only way he can escape from the house. The pre-

tense turns to reality when Ford actually arrives. And the ruse of the clothes-basket deceives both gallant and husband. Falstaff is dumped into the Thames, whence he emerges much bedraggled, but with ardor so slightly quenched as to become enkindled again upon receipt of a message from Mistress Ford granting him a second interview. Nor has he gained discretion from his first mishap, for he unwittingly informs Ford of this rendezvous also, and of the means whereby he escaped his former predicament. The thoroughly aroused husband redoubles his vigilance.

IV. Falstaff keeps his second appointment with Mistress Ford. Her husband again surprises them. The clothes-basket is sent down as before; and while Ford is ransacking it under the firm belief that it again conceals Falstaff, the latter is dressed in woman's clothes and escapes thus disguised, though not avoiding sundry blows from the irate husband. Mistress Ford and Mistress Page then tell their husbands the truth about the Falstaff episodes. The men are delighted to find their wives faithful, and the four conjointly arrange a third and final hoax which contemplates a night meeting in Windsor Park.

Meanwhile Anne Page's love-affairs are becoming tangled. She loves Fenton. Her father has chosen Slender. Her mother privately favors Dr. Caius. When the third prank on Falstaff is prepared, Anne and her parents make conflicting plans to utilize the meeting for bringing their separate matrimonial schemes to a head.

V. Falstaff is persuaded to go to Windsor Park, wearing a buck's head. Anne Page and her friends impersonate fairies and burn him with tapers. Ford, Page, and their wives reveal themselves to him, reproach him for his attempted villainy, and finally pardon him. The wretched Falstaff finds his only satisfaction in hearing that Anne Page has married Fenton, despite the counter-schemes of her father and mother.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Request of Queen Elizabeth.

Old Queen Bess can scarcely have been a great judge of art, or she would not have conceived the extravagant notion of wanting to see Falstaff in love; she would have understood that if there was anything impossible to him it was this. She would also have realized that his figure was already a rounded whole and could not be reproduced. It is true that in the Epilogue to *Henry IV.* (which, however, is probably not by Shakespeare) a continuation of the history is promised, in which, " for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions;" but no such continuation is to be found in *Henry V.*, evidently because Shakespeare felt that Falstaff had played out his part. Neither is *The Merry Wives* the promised continuation, for Falstaff does not die, and the action is conceived as an earlier episode in his life, though it is entirely removed from its historical setting and brought forward into the Poet's own time, so unequivocally that there is even in the fifth Act a direct mention of " our radiant queen " in Windsor Castle.

The Poet must have set himself unwillingly to the fulfilment of the " radiant queen's " barbarous wish, and tried to make the best of a bad business. He was compelled entirely to ruin his inimitable Falstaff, and degrade the fat knight into an ordinary avaricious, wine-bibbing, amatory old fool. Along with him, he resuscitated the whole merry company from *Henry V.*, who had all come to an unpleasant end—Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Dame Quickly—making the men repeat themselves with a difference, endowing Pistol with the splendid phrase " The world 's mine oyster, which I with sword will open," and giving to Dame Quickly softened and more commonplace lineaments. From the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, too, he introduces Justice Shallow, placing him in a less

friendly relation to Falstaff, and giving him a highly comic nephew, Slender, who, in his vanity and pitifulness, is like a first sketch for Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night.*

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Delineation of the Play.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the dénouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes; he fancies himself the deceiver, ~~but he is the deceived~~. He will stare Ford "out of his wits," he will "awe him with his cudgel," yet he lives "to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames." But his confidence is undaunted: "I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her"; yet "since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: "This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers"; yet his good luck ends in "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the Poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight." The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. The disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation from his suffocation in the buck basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne's Oak car-

ries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance.

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound"; and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality; when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper; he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two; he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster"; his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Falstaff Out of His Sphere.

The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favours the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favourite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character"; and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colours."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humoured strategy

whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigour, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favourite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, commonplace people, who borrow their chief

above all things honour and authority; for without the appearance of these he would find it impossible to live.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VI.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

A certain tendency to tameness in the husbands is corrected by the briskness of the merry wives, who engross a large proportion of what cleverness falls in distribution. Still it is remarkable in a play where the distinctions of character are so sharply marked, that there is little hint of any subjective difference between the pair; and this drawback on their originality, keeps them in harmony with their sober environments. We can scarcely think of them otherwise than as dressed exactly alike, and Falstaff had some excuse for thinking that a love-letter that would suit one scarcely required variation for the other.

The Windsor wives are merry, and at times free spoken enough, but this is only when they "laugh alone," for the audience counts for nothing, and that some liberality in phrase is no impeachment of their honesty is the very point that protects them from the dulness of demure propriety, which would so easily lose them the sympathy of a theatrical audience, which has little tolerance for the most respectable virtue when it ignores the humanity of liveliness and animal spirits. And this is the very moral that the sober-sided Ford, who could so little understand his wife's love of her lively neighbour's company, or the feminine necessity for change of scene and lively diversion, has to learn for his own advantage, and the advantage and amusement of lookers on.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Ford and Page.

That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:

> "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
> I rather will suspect the sun with cold
> Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
> In him that was of late a heretic,
> As firm as faith." . . . .

Then, there is Page, the very personification of hearty English hospitality. You feel the tight grasp of his hand, and see the honest sparkle of his eye, as he leads in the wranglers with, "Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness." If I were required to point to the portrait of a genuine, indigenous Englishman, throughout the whole of the works of Shakespeare, Page would be the man. Every thought of his heart, every motion of his body, appears to be the result of pure instinct; he has nothing exotic or artificial about him. He possesses strong yeoman sense, an unmistakable speech, a trusting nature, and a fearless deportment; and these are the characteristics of a true Englishman. He is to be gulled —no man more so; and he is gulled every day in the year—no proof, you will say, of his "strong yeoman sense"; but an Englishman is quite as frequently gulled

with his eyes open as when they are hoodwinked. He has a conceit in being indifferent to chicanery. He confides in his own strength when it behooves him to exert it; and then he abates the nuisance.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VIII.

Slender.

After Falstaff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire,—a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgement in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Mistress Quickly.

Although a "subordinate character," how very important a person in this play is Mistress Quickly, the housekeeper to Doctor Caius; or, as Sir Hugh designates her,

"his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, or his wringer!" What a perfect specimen she is of a fussy, busy-bodying old woman! "That foolish carrion, Mrs. Quickly," as Mrs. Page calls her; making herself necessary to all, by reason of her fussiness; and conspicuous, by reason of her folly. A large family —the race of the Quicklies! Our Mrs. Quickly, the type of the whole breed, meddles and "trepots" in every one's affairs: with the seriousness and sincere dealing of a diplomatist, she acts the go-between for Falstaff with the two merry wives; she courts Anne Page for her master, undertaking the same office for Slender. She favours the suit of Fenton; and if the Welsh parson had turned an eye of favour upon the yeoman's pretty daughter, she would have played the hymeneal Hebe to him too. Her whole character for mere busy-bodying, and not from any active kindness of heart—for they who are sweet to all alike have no principle worth a button—her whole character is comprised in that one little speech in the 4th scene of the 3d act, when Fenton gives her the ring for his "sweet Nan." After he has gone out, she says:

"Now heaven send thee good fortune! [She would have uttered the same benediction for Slender.] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three: for so I have promised, and I will be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton."

He was the last applicant to, and had paid her.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

X.

"Sweet Anne Page."

Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own,

in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We do not wish Anne Page to have been married to Slender, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. . . . With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counter-plot of her mother, "firm for Doctor Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender "went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, . . . yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy"; though Caius did "take her in green," he "ha' married *un garçon*, a boy, *un paisan*"; but Anne and Fenton—

> "long since contracted,
> Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve *them*."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, *a gentleman.*
SHALLOW, *a country justice.*
SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow.*
FORD, PAGE, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Page.*
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson.*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
ROBIN, *page to Falstaff.*
SIMPLE, *servant to Slender.*
RUGBY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, *her daughter.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE: *Windsor and the neighbourhood.*

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.' 10

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old

coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. 20

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py 'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir 30 John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the 40 sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just 50 as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds

of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise 70 one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank 80 you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall. 90

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you. 100

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king? 110

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.
Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?
Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.
Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.
Shal. The council shall know this.
Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you 'll be laughed at. 120
Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.
Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?
Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.
Bard. You Banbury cheese!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter. 130
Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that 's my humour.
Slen. Where 's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?
Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.
Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them. 140
Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves. 150

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here! 160
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass. 170

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to

Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason. 210

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage. 220

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid? 230

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your 240
request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you 250
say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress 260
Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir. 270

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much 280 as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence: three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. 290

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have

Anne Page and Slender

taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things. 300

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.
Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.
Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.
Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
Page. Come on, sir.
Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.
Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.
Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not 310 do you that wrong.
Anne. I pray you, sir.
Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.
Sim. Well, sir.
Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter;

for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase! 30

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about. 40

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.' 50

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels. 60

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive. 70

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, 80
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, 89
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel? 100

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour. 110

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.
[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. Here, sir!
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court. 60
Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.
Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.
Quick. Ay me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!
Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier! 70
Quick. Good master, be content.
Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?
Quick. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.
Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh. 80
Caius. Vell.
Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—
Quick. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.
Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.
Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me 90
some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,— 100

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; 110
by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have 120
appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure

our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. 130 No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask. 140

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship 150 a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me. 160

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? 170

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he

admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? 10 Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, 20 wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. 30 How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel! 40

Mrs Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. 50

Mrs Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his 60 disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked

fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 70

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. 80 I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know 90 some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter. 100

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause;, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman. 110

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, with Pistol, and Page, with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife! 120

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this. 130

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread 140 and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow;—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.*

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mrs Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you. You 'll come to dinner, 160 George? [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Look who

comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs Ford. [*Aside to Mrs Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you. 170

[*Exeunt Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service. 180

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be

loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied. 190

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand. 200

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.* 210

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest. 220

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry night. Will you go, min-heers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, 230 Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there 240 I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng!—To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will

ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you! 30

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born. 40

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways. 50

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; 60 you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best 70 and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 80

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. 90 Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will 100 not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't! 110

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man.

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy. 120

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world. 130

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights: 140
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below

would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack. 150

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you. 160

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. 170

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing. 180

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your 190 own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to 200 meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless

experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an 210
infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's 220
ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great ad- 230
mittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any 240
man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, 250 my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife. 260

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the 270 jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of 280 the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon 290 at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my 300 reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!— Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,

well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming 310 with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will 320 about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!
Rug. Sir?
Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.
Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. 10

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor! 20

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? 30 is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion, King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a

curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page? 40

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page. 50

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat? 60

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it. 70

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it. 80

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I 90
love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.* 10

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—
Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—

And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He 's welcome.— [*Sings.*
To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he? 30
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.
Evans. Fery well: what is it? 50
Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person,

is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician. 60

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page! 70

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time. 80

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint? 90

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I 'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow. 100 110

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter. 120

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home? 10

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff! 20

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot 30 point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself 40 for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than

mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me. 50

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for 60 you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with 70 the wild prince and Poines; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her

simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, 80 Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buckbasket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and

Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-
house; and when I suddenly call you, come 10
forth, and, without any pause or staggering,
take this basket on your shoulders: that done,
trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among
the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty
it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack
no direction. Be gone, and come when you
are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin. 20

Enter Robin.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news
with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-
door, Mistress Ford, and requests your com-
pany.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been
true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of
your being here, and hath threatened to put me
into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for
he swears he'll turn me away. 30

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of
thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make
thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.
[*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you
your cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.
[*Exit.*

Mrs Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll 40 teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my 50 lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither. 60

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. 70 Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthornbuds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the 80 reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. 90

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion! 100

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone. 110

Mrs Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 120

Mrs Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather': your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be 130

of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't!—I 'll in, I 'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your 140 letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I 'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, 150 come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they

bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the 160
buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong 170
yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that 180
my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think my husband hath some special

suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never 190
saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. 200

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford. 210

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it. 220
Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.
Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.
Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.
Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll 230 mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?
Ford. Any thing.
Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.
Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.
Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host. 240
Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!
Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible 10
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, 20
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir;
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!
[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard. 30

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father! 40

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire. 50

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank 60 heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes. 70

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master 80
Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband. 90

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton.
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. 100

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton': this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there 's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. 110 But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter Mrs Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir? 30

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's 40 promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 50

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. —O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife? 60

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 70

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? 80

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. 90

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or 100 twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt 110 to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, —a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a 120 horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my

sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, 130 Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, 140 Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I 150 would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, ' Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William? 30

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc. 40

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William. 50

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum. 60

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum': —fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires. 70

Mrs Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was. 80

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed!

Mrs Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my 20 husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness,

civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery. 30

Mrs Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here. 40

Mrs Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you! —Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here? 50

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will see there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such 60 places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out, then.

Mrs Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a ker- 70 chief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head. 80

Mrs Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 90

Mrs Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.* 100

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.* 110

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set

down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 120

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I? 130

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away. 140

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this

basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death. 150

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me. 160

Mrs Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford. 170

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our element: we know

nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gen- 180
tlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit 190
for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further: come, 200
gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared 210
out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 220

Mrs Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.
Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.
Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in

the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come. 20

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, 30
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear 40
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come:
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white, 50
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread 60
In shape profane.

Mrs Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards. 70

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies. 80
Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Go, Mistress Ford.
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs Ford.*

I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her, 90
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.
Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say. 10
Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up

into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie! 20

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no. 30

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him. 40

Fal. What are they? let us know.
Host. Ay, come; quick.
Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.
Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What, sir? 50
Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.
Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.
Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*
Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before 60 in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!
Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.
Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 70
Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain:

do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?
Host. What is the matter, sir?
Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, 80 look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?
Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.
Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. 90 [*Exit.*
Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight. —I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! —I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*
Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fisher- 100

men's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. 110

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable 120 dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed. 130

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, 10
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; 20
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time,
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,— 40
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders. 10

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever gov- 20 erned frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath

with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and 30 I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook. Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock. 10

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter, better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 10

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. 20

Mrs Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool

rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. 20

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! 30 [*Noise within.*

Mrs Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs Ford. } *Mrs Page.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, 40
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyēs.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toyēs.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die: 50
I 'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where 's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room; 60
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, 70
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; 80
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart. 90

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire, 100

Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn?
Mrs Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes 111
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.
Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could 120
never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.
Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were 130 fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er- 140 reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we 150 would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs Page. A puffed man?
Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
Page. And as poor as Job?
Ford. And as wicked as his wife? 160
Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles!
Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of 170 money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.
Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.
Mrs Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor 180 Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page.
Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?
Slen. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy. 190

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments? 200

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 210

Mrs Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon! 220

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft, 230
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand
to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced. 240

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; 250
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A-birding, bird-catching; III. iii. 232.

Abstract, inventory; IV. ii. 60.

Address, make ready; III. v. 133.

Admittance; "of Venetian ad." = "admitted from Venice"; III. iii. 58; "of great a." = admitted into the best company; II. ii. 230.

Adversary, used jestingly for "advocate" by the host; II. iii. 94.

Affecting, full of affectation; II. i. 145.

Aggravate his style, i.e. increase his title; II. ii. 291.

Aim, "to cry aim"; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out "aim," hence to encourage, applaud; III. ii. 42.

All-hallowmas, November 1; *i.e.* about five weeks after Michaelmas; Simple blunders in putting it "a fortnight afore Michaelmas"; I. i. 203.

Allicholy, Mistress Quickley's corruption of melancholy; I. iv. 158.

Alligant, Mistress Quickly's error for "elegant"; II. ii. 69.

Allowed, approved; II. ii. 232.

Amaimon, name of a devil whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; II. ii. 305.

Amaze, confuse; V. v. 224.

Angel, a gold coin valued at ten shillings (used quibblingly); I. iii. 57, 61.

Anthropophaginian, cannibal; IV. v. 10.

Armigero; Slender's error for "armiger"; his knowledge of Latin is derived from attestations, *e.g.* "Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero, etc."; I. i. 9.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. ii. 231.

Avised, advised, informed; "are you a. of that" = "have you found it out?" I. iv. 103.

Baille, deliver, bring (the Folios read "ballow"); I. iv. 90.

Banbury cheese, in allusion to Slender's thinness, B. cheese being proverbially thin; I. i. 127.

Barbason, name of a demon; II. ii. 305.

Bede, the name of a fairy; V. v. 52.

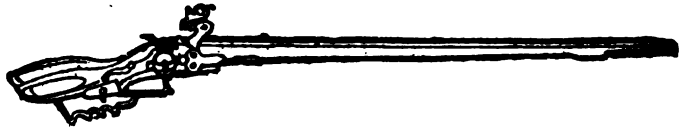
Bestow, stow away, lodge; IV. ii. 46.

Bilbo, v. *Latten bilbo*.

Birding-piece, a gun to shoot birds with; IV. ii. 56.

Breed-bate, one who stirs up "bate," or contention; I. iv. 12.

Brewage, drink brewed; III. v. 32.



Birding-piece.
From a specimen (*temp.* James I.) preserved at Goodrich Court.

Bloody fire, fire in the blood; V. v. 99.

Boitier, "a surgeon's case of oyntment" (the Quarto reads "my oyntment"); I. iv. 47.

Bold-beating, apparently = brow-beating; II. ii. 29.

Bolt, v. *Shaft*.

Book of Riddles, a popular book of the day, referred to as early as 1575; the earliest extant edition bears date 1629:—"*The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than behovefull for any yong man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no*"; I. i. 201.

Book of Songs and Sonnets; Slender is perhaps alluding to "*Songs and Sonnets written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and others*" (pub. 1557); I. i. 197.

Buck, used quibblingly with reference to the buck and its horns; III. iii. 160.

Buck-basket, a basket for clothes which were to be bucked or washed; III. iii. 2.

Bucking, washing; III. iii. 133.

Bucklersbury, Cheapside, where the druggists and grocers lived; III. iii. 74.

Buck-washing, laundry; III. iii. 158.

Bully-rook, dashing fellow; I. iii. 2.

Bully-stale; v. *Stale*.

Buttons; "'tis in his buttons" = 'tis within his compass; he will succeed; perhaps an allusion to the flower called "bachelor's buttons," by means of which the success of love was divined; III. ii. 68.

Cain-coloured beard; Cain was represented in old tapestries with a yellowish beard; I. iv. 23.

Canaries, probably Mistress Quickly's version of "quandary" (pronounced candary); II. ii. 61.

Canary, wine from the Canary Islands, sweet sack; III. ii. 86 [with a quibble on "canary" in the sense of a quick, lively dance; III. ii. 88].

Careires, the curvetting of a horse; "to passe a careire is but to runne with strength and courage such a convenient course as is meete for his ability"; I. i. 177.

Carrion, used as a term of contempt; III. iii. 195.

Carves, makes a sign of favour; I. iii. 46.

Cashiered, in Bardolph's slang it seems to mean "eased of his cash"; I. i. 176.

Castalion, King-Urinal; a nonsensical title which the host gives to Caius; "Castalion" = Castilian, with perhaps a quibbling reference to the medical practice of "casting the water" of the patient; II. iii. 34 (*v.* Notes).

Cataian, an inhabitant of Cataia or "Cathay" (China); a thief, used as term of reproach; II. i. 148.

Cat-a-mountain, wild-cat, leopard (used adjectivally); II. ii. 28.

Charactery, characters, writing; V. v. 76.

Charge, to put to expense; II. ii. 168.

Chariness, scrupulousness; II. i. 102.

Charms, love-charms, enchantments; II. ii. 106.

Cheater, escheater, an officer of the Exchequer, employed to exact forfeitures (used quibblingly); I. iii. 74.

Clapper-claw, thrash; II. iii. 66 (*cp.* 67, 69).

Coat, coat-of-arms; I. i. 17.

Cock and pie, a vulgar corruption of "God" and "Pie" (the service-book of the Romish Church); I. i. 304.

Cog, to wheedle; III. iii. 47.

Cogging, deceiving; III. i. 119.

Colours, ensigns; III. iv. 86.

Come off, to pay handsomely; IV. iii. 11.

Companion, fellow (in a bad sense); III. i. 119.

Cony-catch, to poach, pilfer; I. iii. 34.

Cony-catching, poaching, pilfering; I. i. 125.

Coram; probably due to the formula "jurat coram me," or a corruption of "quorum" ("quorumesse volumus" in a Justice's commission); both forms "corum" and "coram" are found as part of the title of "a justice of the peace"; I. i. 6.

Cornuto, cuckold; III. v. 68.

Cotsall, an allusion to the annual sports on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire; I. i. 91 (*v.* Notes).

Couch, crouch; V. ii. 1.

Counter-gate, the entrance to one of the Counter Prisons in London; III. iii. 80.

Country, district; I. i. 219.

Cowl-staff, a pole on which a tub or basket is borne between two persons; III. iii. 149.

Cozeners, sharpers (? play on "Cozen-Germans," *cp.* IV. v. 78); IV. v. 66.

Cuckoo-birds, with allusion to cuckolds; II. i. 128.

Curtal, having a docked tail; "a curtal dog" = a dog unfit for the chase, or one that has missed the game; II. i. 114.

Custalorum; Shallow's corruption of "Custos Rotulorum"; I. i. 7.

Cut and long tail, any kind of dogs, curtal dogs or long-tailed (hence, come who will to contend with me); III. iv. 49.

Dagger; "playing at sword and d."; a blunt blade used in place of the buckler; I. i. 284.

From a black-letter ballad ("A Looking-Glasse for Maids, or the Downfall of two desperate Lovers . . .").

Datchet-mead, in Windsor; III. iii. 14, etc.

Daubery, imposture; IV. ii. 177.

Defy, reject; II. ii. 74.

Detest; Mistress Quickly's error for "protest"; I. iv. 154.

Dickens (exclamatory), the devil; probably = devilkins; III. ii. 16.

Diffused, discordant; IV. iv. 55.

Dissolved, and dissolutely; Slender's error for "resolved, and resolutely"; I. i. 251.

Dole, portion; "happy man be his d." = "happiness be his portion"; III. iv. 68.

Drumble, dawdle; III. iii. 149.

Eld, old age, used in the sense of "old persons"; IV. iv. 37.

Elder; "heart of elder" = weak, faint-hearted; the elder has no heart; used in contrast to "heart of oak"; II. iii. 30.

Ensconce, to shelter under protection of a sconce or fort; II. ii. 28.

Ephesian, boon-companion (an allusion perhaps to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. ii. 10); IV. v. 18.

Eringoes, sea-holly (supposed to possess aphrodisiac qualities); V. v. 22.

Esquire, a gentleman next in degree below a knight; I. i. 4.

Eyas-musket, young male sparrow-hawk; III. iii. 21.

Fap, evidently a cant term for "fuddled"; I. i. 176.

Fartuous; Mistress Quickly's pronunciation of "virtuous"; II. ii. 99.

Fault, misfortune; I. i. 94; III. iii. 220.

Faustuses; "three Doctor F." (*cp.* "*Mephostophilus*"); IV. v. 70.

Fights (a sea-term), the canvas that hangs round the ship in a fight, to screen the combatants; II. ii. 140.

Fine and recovery, a term of law denoting absolute ownership; IV. ii. 212.

Flannel, originally manufactured in Wales, hence ludicrously used for a Welshman; V. v. 167.

Flemish, given to drink like a Fleming; the Dutch were notorious drunkards; II. i. 23.

Foin, to thrust in fencing; II. iii. 24.

Fortune thy foe, an allusion to the old ballad "Fortune my foe"; III. iii. 65.

Frampold, quarrelsome; II. ii. 92.

French thrift; Falstaff alludes to the practice of making a richly-dressed page take the place of a band of retainers; I. iii. 90.

Frize, a kind of coarse woollen stuff manufactured by Flemings in Wales; V. v. 142.

Froth, to make a tankard foam; I. iii. 14.

Fullam, a loaded die (so called from Fulham, where false dice were apparently manufactured); I. iii. 91.

Gallimaufry, "hotch-potch," used by Pistol for "the whole sex"; II. i. 119.

Gar, Dr. Caius' pronunciation of "God"; I. iv. 111, etc.

Geminy, a pair; II. ii. 8.

Ging, gang; IV. ii. 118.

Good-jer, supposed to be a corruption of the French word *goujère*, the name of a disease; used as a slight curse; I. iv. 126.

Good life, good name; III. iii. 121.

Gourd, some instrument of false gaming; I. iii. 91.

Grated upon, irritated, vexed; II. ii. 6.

Groat, piece of money valued at fourpence; I. i. 151.

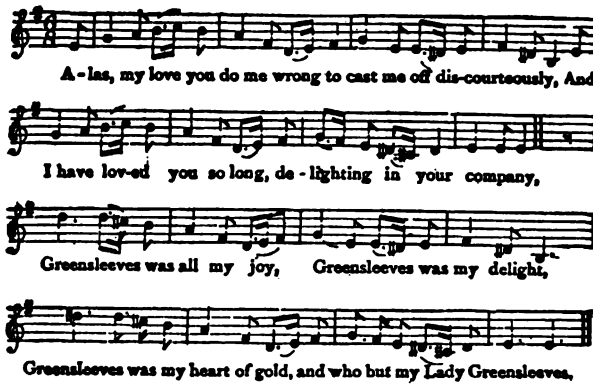
Green Sleeves, an old popular ballad tune, prob. of Henry VIIIth's time, still extant (see next page); II. i. 64.

Hack, (?) "to become cheap and common," perhaps with a play on "hack," to kick; II. i. 52; IV. i. 65.

Hair; "against the hair," *i.e.* "against the grain," refers to the stroking of an animal's hair the wrong way; II. iii. 41.

Hang together, to hold together (without altogether collapsing); III. ii. 11.

The Ballad of Green Sleeves.



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Hawthorn-buds, dandies; III. iii. 72.

Hector, cant term for a sharper; I. iii. 11.

Herod, represented as a swaggering tyrant in the old miracle plays; II. i. 20.

Hick, (?) to fight; Mistress Quickly's interpretation of "hic"; probably something coarse is intended; IV. i. 65.

High and low, i.e. high and low throws (the former were the numbers 4, 5, 6, the latter 1, 2, 3); I. iii. 93.

Hinds, servants; III. v. 96.

Hodge-pudding, probably something similar to a hodge-podge; V. v. 155.

Horn-mad, mad as a wicked bull; I. iv. 51.

Humour (ridiculed as a much misused word of fashion; particularly used by Nym); I. i. 132, 163, 165, etc.

Hungarian; (used quibblingly) the Hungarian wars attracted many English volunteers, who subsequently returned to England impoverished; I. iii. 21. (The first and second Quartos read "Gongarian.")

Image, idea, conception; IV. vi. 17.

Infection, Mistress Quickly's error for "affection"; II. ii. 118.

Intention, intentness; I. iii. 70.

Jack-a-Lent, a small stuffed puppet thrown at during Lent; III. iii. 25; V. v. 131.

Jay, used metaphorically for a loose woman; III. iii. 41.

Kibe, chilblain; I. iii. 33.
Kissing-comfits, sugar-plums; V. v. 22.

Labras, lips; I. i. 160.
Larded, garnished; IV. vi. 14.
Latten bilbo, a sword made of latten, a mixed soft metal resembling brass; swords were called "bilbos" from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa in Spain; I. i. 159.
Laundry, Sir Hugh Evans' error for "launder"; I. ii. 4.
Leman, lover; IV. ii. 164.
Lewdsters, libertines; V. iii. 22.
Lime, to put lime in sack to make it sparkle; I. iii. 14.
Lingered, waited in expectation; III. ii. 55.
Long-tail, v. "*Cut,*" etc.
Louses, Sir Hugh Evans' corruption of "luces"; the joke was perhaps derived by Shakespeare from a story told of Sir William Wise and Henry VIII. in Holinshed's continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, where the play is on "fleur de lice"; I. i. 19. (See Note.)
Loves; "of all loves" = by all means, for love's sake; II. ii. 117.
Luces, pikes; "the dozen white luces," probably an allusion to the armorial bearings of Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy; a quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting

the dozen white luces, is to be found in Dugdale's *Warwickshire;* I. i. 16. The accompanying drawing from Lucy's seal gives 'three luces.'
Lunes, fits of lunacy; IV. ii. 20.
Luxury, wantonness; V. v. 98.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty schemer; III. i. 99.
Make, to make mischief; I. iv. 113.
Marry trap, a phrase of doubtful meaning; "exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem"; in all probability its real force was "catch me if you can"; I. i. 164.
Master of fence, one who had taken a master's degree in the art of fencing; I. i. 285.
Mechanical, vulgar, vile; II. ii. 285.

Mill-sixpences; "these sixpences, coined in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money in England, used as counters to cast up money"; I. i. 151.

Mephostophilus, used by Pistol; the name had been made popular in England by Marlowe's Faustus; I. i. 129.

Metheglins, mead, a fermented dish of honey and water; V. v. 162.

Mistress, the ordinary title of an unmarried gentlewoman; I. i. 48.

Mince, to walk with affected grace; V. i. 9.

Montant, a upright blow or thrust in fencing; II. iii. 27.

Motions, proposals; I. i. 214.

Mountain-foreigner, used by Pistol of Sir Hugh Evans, in the sense of "ultramontane," barbarous; I. i. 157.

Muscle-shell, applied by Falstaff to Simple because he stands with his mouth open; IV. v. 28.

Nay-word, a watch-word, or rather a twin-word agreed upon by two confederates; II. ii. 129.

Nuthook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; I. i. 165.

'Od's heartlings, an oath; God's heartling (a diminutive of "heart"); III. iv. 59.

'Od's nouns, Mistress Quickly's corruption of "God's wounds"; IV. i. 24.

Œillades, amorous glances; I. iii. 65.

O'erlooked, bewitched; V. v. 86.

'Ork, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "work"; III. i. 15.

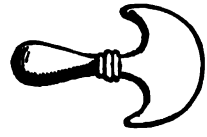
Ouphes, elves; IV. iv. 50.

Oyes, hear ye! the usual introduction to a proclamation; V. v. 44.

Paid, used quibblingly in sense of "paid out"; IV. v. 62.

Parcel, a constituent part; I. i. 230.

Paring knife; "glover's p. k."; I. iv. 21.



From a tradesman's token (XVII.Cent.).

Passant; as a term of heraldry = walking, used by Sir Hugh Evans; I. i. 20.

Passed, surpassed expression; I. i. 299.

Passes, goes beyond bounds; IV. ii. 122.

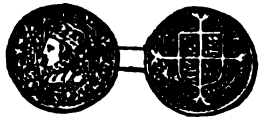
Pauca, few (*i.e.* words); I. i. 131; "pauca verba"; I. i. 121.

Peaking, sneaking; III. v. 68.

Peer out, probably an allusion to the children's old rhyme calling on a snail to push forth its horns; IV. ii. 24.

Peevish, foolish; I. iv. 14.

Penny, money in general; I. i. 62; (in ordinary sense) II. ii. 1.



Elizabethan Silver Penny.

Pensioners, the bodyguard of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth were so called; II. ii. 79.

Period, conclusion; IV. ii. 222.

Pheezar; evidently formed from the verb "to pheeze," *i.e.* "to hurry on, to worry"; I. iii. 10.

Phlegmatic, misapplied by Mistress Quickly; I. iv. 78.

Phrygian, possibly in the sense of "Trojan," used as a cant term for a person of doubtful character; I. iii. 95.

Pickt-hatch, a quarter of London notorious as the resort of bad characters; II. ii. 20.

Pinnace, used metaphorically for a go-between; I. iii. 86.

Pipe-wine, wine not from the bottle but from the pipe or cask, with a play on "pipe" in the sense of instrument to which people danced; III. ii. 87.

Pittie-ward, (?) "towards the Petty, or little Park"; III. i. 5.

Plummet; "ignorance is a p. o'er me"; Falstaff evidently represents himself as the carpenter's work, and Evans as the lead of the plummet held over him; V. v. 167.

Polecat, used as a term of reproach, (the polecat emits a disgusting smell); IV. ii. 185.

Possibilities, prospects of inheritance; used also in the sense of "possession," which may be the meaning here; I. i. 65.

Pottle, a large tankard, originally a measure of two quarts; III. v. 28.

Prat, a verb formed evidently by Ford from Mother Prat's name; IV. ii. 184.

Preeches, breached for flogging; IV. i. 78.

Presently, immediately; III. iii. 90.

Pribbles and Prabbles, petty wranglings, tittle-tattles (used by Sir Hugh Evans); I. i. 56.

Primero, a game of cards: IV. v. 104.

Properties, used technically for the necessaries of the stage, exclusive of the scenery and dresses; IV. iv. 79.

Property, a thing wanted for a particular purpose, a tool (to get out of debt); III. iv. 11.

Puddings, the intestines of animals were so called (*cp.* "Pudding Lane"); II. i. 32.

Pumpion, a kind of pumpkin; III. iii. 40.

Punk, strumpet; II. ii. 139.

Punto, a thrust or stroke in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Quarter (used quibblingly); I. i. 24, 26, 28.
Quean, a slut; IV. ii. 171.

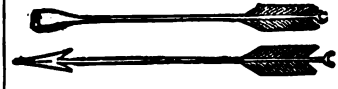
Rank, mature; IV. vi. 22.
Rato-lorum; Slender's corruption of (Custos) "Rotulorum"; I. i. 8.
Red-lattice phrases = ale-house language; a lattice window often painted red was the customary distinction of an ale-house; II. ii. 29.

From a token (*Green* Lattice in Cock Lane) of the XVII. Cent.

Relent, repent; II. ii. 32.
Ringwood, a common name for a dog; II. i. 122.
Ronyon, a mangy creature; IV. ii. 186.

Sackerson, a famous bear, which was baited at the Paris Garden, in Southwark; said to have belonged to Henslow & Alleyn; I. i. 296.
Sadness, seriousness; IV. ii. 90.
Sauce, "to pepper"; IV. iii. 11.
Scall, scurvy; III. i. 119.
Scut, tail of a hare or rabbit; V. v. 20.
Sea-coal fire, a fire made of coals brought by sea, a novelty at a time when wood was generally burnt; I. iv. 9.

Season, fit time (used probably technically for the time when the stags were at their best); III. iii. 162.
Secure, careless; II. i. 237.
Seeming, specious; III. ii. 39.
Semi-circled farthingale, a petticoat, the hoop of which did not come round in front; III. iii. 64.
Shaft; "to make a shaft or bolt on 't" = to do a thing either one way or another; a shaft = a sharp arrow; a bolt, a thick, short one with a knob at the end; III. iv. 26.



Shent, reviled, punished; I. iv. 38.
Ship-tire, a peculiar head-dress, resembling a ship's tackle; III. iii. 57.

From Fabri's "Habite Varie" (1593).

Shovel-boards, broad shillings of Edward VI. used for the game of shove or shovel-board; I. i. 152.

Shovel-board, long preserved at the Falcon Inn.

Sprag = sprack, *i.e.* quick; IV. i. 82.

Speciously, a Quicklyism for specially (?); III. iv. 116; IV. v. 114.

Staggering, wavering; III. iii. 11.

Stale, the urine of horses, applied by the host to Dr. Caius; II. iii. 31.

Edward Shovel-boards.

Simple, medicinal herb; III. iii. 74.

Sir; the inferior clergy, as well as knights or baronets, formerly received this title, being the old equivalent of the academic *Dominus* (when applied to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities it was usually attached to the surname and not to the Christian name); hence *"Sir" Hugh Evans*; I. i. 1.

Slack, neglect; III. iv. 118.

Slice, applied by Nym to Slender; I. i. 131.

Slighted, tossed; III. v. 9.

Something, somewhat: IV. vi. 22.

Stamps, impressed coins: III. iv. 17.

Star-chamber; this Court among its other functions took cognisance of "routs and riots"; I. i. 1.

Stoccadoes, thrusts in fencing; II. i. 230.

Stock, thrust in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Strain, disposition; II. i. 91.

Sufferance, sufferings; IV. ii. 2.

Swinged, belaboured; V. v. 190.

Sword and dagger (see *Dagger*).

Takes, strikes with disease; IV. iv. 33.

Taking, fright; III. iii. 182.

Tall, sturdy, powerful; "tall of his hands"; I. iv. 26.
Tester, sixpence; I. iii. 94.
Thrummed, made of coarse, woollen yarn; thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; IV. ii. 77.

Thrummed hat and muffler.
From Speed's Map of England.

Tightly, promptly; I. iii. 85.
Tire, head-dress; III. iii. 58.
Tire-valiant, a fanciful head-dress; III. iii. 57.

From an engraving of a noble Venetian lady (1605).

Tricking, costumes; IV. iv. 80.
Trot, Caius' pronunciation of "troth"; IV. v. 89.
Trow, used by Mistress Quickly in the sense of "I wonder"; I. iv. 136.

Truckle-bed, a small bed, running on castors, which was thrust under the standing-bed during the daytime; IV. v. 7.

Standing and truckle-bed.
From an illuminated MS. of XV. Cent.
(The figures represent a nobleman and his valet.)

Uncape, to unearth a fox; III. iii. 169.
Unraked; "fires unr." = fires not raked together, not covered with fuel so that they might be found alight in the morning; V. v. 47
Unweighed, inconsiderate; II. i. 23.
Urchins, imps, goblins; IV. iv. 50.

Venev, a bout at fencing; I. i. 285.
Vizements = advisements or considerations; I. i. 39.
Vlouting-stog, i.e. laughing-stock; III. i. 116.

Wag, pack off; II. i. 234.
Ward, posture of defence; II. ii. 253.

Watched, tamed as a hawk is broken in by being kept awake; V. v. 107.

Whiting-time, bleaching time; III. iii. 133.

Whitsters, bleachers of linen; III. iii. 13.

Wide of, far from, indifferent to; III. i. 57.

With, by; III. v. 108.

Wittolly, cuckoldly; II. ii. 278.

Woodman, a hunter of forbidden game, and also a pursuer of women; V. v. 29.

Worts, roots (used quibblingly with reference to Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "words"); I. i. 121.

Wrong; "you do yourself mighty wrong" = you are much mistaken; III. iii. 209.

Wrongs; "this wrongs you," this is unworthy of you; IV. ii. 154.

Yead, an old abbreviation of "Edward"; I. i. 153.

Yellowness, the colour of jealousy; I. ii. 109.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 22. *'The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.'* No satisfactory explanation of this passage has as yet been offered; various suggestions have been made, *e.g.* 'salt-fish' = the hake borne by the stockfishmongers; 'same' for 'salt'; ''tis ott fish in' (assigned to Evans), etc. May not, however, the whole point of the matter lie in Shallow's use of 'salt' in the sense of 'saltant,' the heraldic term, used especially for vermin? If so 'salt-fish' = 'the leaping-louse,' with a quibble on 'salt' as opposed to 'fresh fish.' There is further allusion to the proverbial predilection of vermin for 'old coats,' used quibblingly in the sense of 'coat-of-arms.' The following passage from Holinshed's continuation of the chronicles of Ireland (quoted by Rushton), seems to bear out this explanation:—"Having lent the king his signet to

From the Annalia Dubrensia (1636), a collection of poems laudatory of the Cotswold Games and their patron, Robert Dover.

seal a letter, who having powdered erinuts ingrailed in the seal; why how now Wise (quoth the King), what hast thou lice here? And if it like your Majesty, quoth Sir William, a louse is a rich coat, for by giving the louse I part arms with the French King in that he giveth the flower de lice, whereat the king heartily laughed," etc.

I. i. 46. '*George Page.*' Ff. Q_1. 'Thomas Page,' retained by Camb. Ed. though Master Page is elsewhere called 'George'; "the mistake may have been Shakespeare's own," or 'Geo.' may have been misread as 'Tho.'

I. i. 91. '*outrun on Cotsall,*' *i.e.* on the Cotswold hills (in Gloucestershire); probably an allusion to the famous Cotswold Games, which were revived by Captain Robert Dover at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though evidently instituted earlier; the allusion does not occur in the first and second Quartos.

I. i. 171. '*Scarlet and John*'; Robin Hood's boon-companions; an allusion to Bardolph's red face.

I. iii. 28. '*a minute's rest*'; a minim's rest" is the ingenious suggestion of Bennet Langton; *cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 22, "rests me his minim rest."

I. iii. 46. '*carves*'; probably used here in the sense of 'to show favour by expressive gestures'; *cp.* "A carver: chironomus . . . one that useth apish motions with his hands."—Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1675).

I. iii. 51. '*Studied her will*'; so Qq_{1-2}: Ff, 'will' retained by Camb. Ed.

I. iii. 73. '*region of Guiana.*' Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his expedition to So. America in 1596. and published his book 'The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana' in the same year.

I. iii. 99. '*By welkin and her star.*' This is no doubt the correct reading of the line, and there is no need to read *stars,* as has been suggested; 'star' is obviously used here for 'the sun'; the Quartos read 'fairies.'

I. ii. 109. '*the revolt of mine,*' *i.e.* my revolt: Camb. Ed. suggest in Note 'mine anger,' but no change seems necessary.

II. i. 5. '*though Love use Reason for his physician.*' The Folios read 'precisian'; the emendation adopted in the text was first suggested by Theobald, and has been generally accepted; *cp.* Sonnet CXLVII: "My reason the physician to my love."

II. i. 220, 223. In the folios the name 'Broome' is given instead

of 'Brooke'; but Falstaff's pun, "Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with liquor," removes all doubt as to the correct reading, which is actually found in the Quartos.

II. i. 224. '*Will you go, min-heers?*' The Folios and Quartos, '*An-heires,*' retained by Camb. Ed.; Theobald, 'mynheers.' Other suggestions are "on, here"; "on, hearts"; "on, heroes"; "cavaleires," etc. In support of change, *cp.* 'mine host' in reply.

II. ii. 155. '*O'erflows,*' so F_1F_2; Camb. Ed., 'o'erflow.'

II. iii. 34. '*Castalion, King-Urinal*': Ff. 'castalion-king-Vrinall,' retained by Camb. Ed. but the first hyphen is prob. an error for comma—a fairly common mistake in this particular play, *cp.* nightly-meadow-fairies, V. v. 68, etc.

II. iii. 88. '*Cried I aim?*' The Folios and Quartos read "cried game"; the ingenious emendation, due to Douce, was first adopted by Dyce.

III. i. 17, etc. Sir Hugh oddly confuses Marlowe's famous ditty, 'Come live with me and be my love,' and the old version of the 137th Psalm, 'When we did sit in Babylon.'

III. i. 95. '*Gallia and Gaul*'; so the Folios; the first and second Quartos read "Gawle and Gawlia;" Farmer's conjecture "Gualia and Gaul" was adopted by Malone and other editors. Gallia = Wales.

III. ii. 73. '*he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes*' (which are now as it were unravelled).

III. iii. 42. '*Have I caught thee*'; probably the reading of the Quarto which omits 'thee' is the more correct; Falstaff quotes from the second song in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*:—

> "Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
> Teaching sleep most faire to be?
> Now will I teach her that she
> When she wakes is too-too cruell."

III. iii. 65, 66. '*Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend,*' so F_2 F_3 F_4; "foe, were not Nature," F_1 Q_2: perhaps better, 'foe were not. Nature is thy friend'; so Capell.

III. v. 4. The reading of the Quartos is seemingly preferable:—"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal."

III. v. 9. '*The rogues slighted me into the river,*' *i.e.* "Threw me in contemptuously"; the Quartos read "slided me in."

IV. i. 49. '*Hang-hog is Latin for bacon*'; probably suggested by the famous story told of Sir Nicholas Bacon. A prisoner

named Hog, who had been condemned to death, prayed for mercy on the score of kindred. "Ay but," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" (Bacon's *Apophthegms*).

IV. ii. 20. '*old lunes*'; the Folios and third Quarto read 'lines ; the first and second Quartos 'vaine'; the correction is Theobald's; the same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 139.

IV. ii. 97. '*the witch of Brentford*'; an actual personage of the sixteenth century. A tract is extant entitled "Jyl of Breyntford's Testament," whence it appears that the witch kept a tavern at Brentford; in Dekker & Webster's *Westward Ho* the following allusion is found:—"I doubt that old hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me."

IV. ii. 185. '*rag*,' so F_1 F_2; F_3 F_4 'hag,' adopted by Camb. Ed.

IV. iv. 43. '*That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.*' After this line the following words from the Quartos have been added in many editions:—

> "We 'll send him word to meet us in the field,
> Disguised like Horne with huge horns on his head."

IV. iv. 58. '*to pinch*' probably the correct reading should be 'to-pinch,' where 'to' is the intensitive prefix so common in old English, though it is possible to explain it as the ordinary infinitive prefix, omitted in the case of the former verb in the sentence.

IV. iv. 84. '*Send quickly to Sir John.*' Theobald ingeniously suggested "Quickly" for "quickly."

IV. v. 78. '*cozen-germans*' the first Quarto reads:—

> "For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
> Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings,"

where 'garmombles' is very possibly a perversion of Mömpelgard; Count Frederick of Mömpelgard visited Windsor in 1592; free post-horses were granted him by a passport of Lord Howard.

The Count became a "Duke of Jamany" (Wirtemberg) in 1593; considerable interest must have been taken in the Duke about 1598. A letter to the Queen, dated August 14, 1598, is extant, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have heard with extreme regret that some of my enemies endeavour to calumniate me and prejudice your majesty against me. I have given them no occasion for this. I hope that when your majesty has discovered this report to be false, you will have greater reason to continue your affection towards me, and give neither faith nor

credit to such vipers." In the year 1602 appeared "An Account of the Duke's Bathing Excursion to the far-famed Kingdom of England" (*vide* Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners*).

V. v. 26. '*bribed buck,*' so the Folios; Theobald, "bribe bauk," adopted by Camb. Ed.: 'a bribed buck' was a buck cut up into portions (Old French *bribes* = 'portions of meat to be given away').

V. v. 42. '*orphan heirs.*' Theobald suggested "ouphen" (elvish) for "orphan," and he has been followed by many editors, but the change is unnecessary. *Cp.* "unfather'd heirs," II. *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 122.

V. v. 45, 47. '*toyes*': Ff. Camb. Ed., *toys,* evidently to be read "toyēs," rhyming with "oyēs" in the previous line; similarly "unswept" should probably be "unswep," suggesting rhyme with "leap."

V. v. 94-96. *Cp.* Song of the Fairies in Lyly's *Endymion.*

V. v. 111. '*these fair yokes*'; the first Folio reads "yoakes," the second "okes." "Yokes" must refer to the resemblance of the buck's horns to a yoke; a sort of sense can be got out of 'oaks,' the antlers resembling the branches of oaks, but the first Folio reading seems preferable.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *three hundred years*:—Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England. Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Verplanck for this anecdote.

28, 29. *quarter of your coat*:—To *quarter* meant, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, mistakes the quartering of heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts.

49. To *speak small* means much the same as what old Lear so touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

114. *But not kissed your keeper's daughter?*—Scott in *Kenilworth* suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy.

118 *et seq. Council* and *counsel*, just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy*.

204. *Michaelmas*:—This is probably a blunder on Simple's part for *Martlemas*, according to Hudson. Theobald substituted Martlemas, "not believing that any blunder was intended."

304. *cock and pie*:—This phrase occurs in several old plays, and once again in Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.*, V. i. 1; but its origin and import have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account seems to be, that it was a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie*, having been, it seems, an ancient and favourite ale-house sign. Some think, however, that *cock* was a corruption of the sacred name, and that *pie* referred to the table in the Roman service-book showing the service for the day.

Scene III.

9. *Keisar* is an old form of *Cæsar*, the general term for an emperor; *Kings* and *Keisars* being a common phrase.

Scene IV.

5. *Old* is here intensive, much the same as *huge*; a common use of the word in the Poet's time. Thus we have *old* coil in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

8. *we'll have a posset*:—A *posset*, according to Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie*, 1688, is "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."

8, 9. *soon at night*:—Hudson states that *soon at* is a phrase occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; as "*soon at* five o'clock," and "*soon at* supper-time," where it means *about*, or something akin to that word.

28. *warrener*:—The keeper of a warren.

165, 166. *the next time we have confidence*:—Hudson is of opinion that *confidence* is a "Quicklyism for *conference*."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

52. *These knights will hack*:—This is probably a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

54. *We burn daylight*:—A proverbial phrase, derived from burning lamps by daylight: "We waste time."

121. *With liver burning hot*:—Love, as the ancients understood that passion, was supposed to establish itself in the liver.

122. *Like Sir Actæon he*:—Actæon, in classical mythology, was a renowned hunter. He offended Artemis (Diana) by concealing himself near a stream in which she was bathing—thus obtaining stolen glimpses of her. The offended goddess transformed Actæon into a stag and his dogs tore him to pieces.

129. *Believe it, Page; he speaks sense*:—"Pistol," says Hudson, "knew beforehand what Nym was to tell Page; and now, as he infers from their talking so long that Page is incredulous, he speaks this to confirm Nym's tale, and thereby cut short the interview."

199, 200. *Good even and twenty*:—According to Staunton, "an old popular salutation, meaning twenty good evenings."

232. *with my long sword*:—Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.

Scene II.

7. *your coach-fellow Nym*:—That is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you.

11, 12. *Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan*:—Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:—

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

19. *short knife and a throng!*—That is, go and *cut purses in a crowd*. Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.

78, 79. *nay, which is more, pensioners*:—That is, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakespeare, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

150, 151. *sent your worship a morning's draught of sack*:—It seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's

time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the *Parliamentary History*, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk*, by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

157. *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains: "An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch."

192. *Sith*:—Since.

291, 292. *I will aggravate his style*:—That is, *I will add more titles to those he already has.* The term *style* was used in heraldry. Thus in Heywood's *Golden Age*: "I will create lords of a greater *style*"; and in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "As to abandon that which doth contain
> Your honour's *style*, that is, your warlike shield."

304, 305. *Amaimon sounds well*, etc.:—Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, may be consulted concerning these demons, as may also Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie*.

312. *aqua-vitæ*:—Reed states that Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland*, 1581, refers to *uskebeaghe* (or *usquebaugh*, the same word as the modern *whiskey*), and in a note explains it to mean *aqua-vitæ*.

Scene III.

59. *Mock-water*:—Probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice. The meaning remains obscure.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

17 *et seq. To shallow rivers, to whose falls*, etc.:—The charming pastoral upon which this burlesque is formed, is thus referred to by Izaak Walton: "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be; but she cast away

all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smoothe song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago." Walton next mentions "an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite. The poem by Marlowe, entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love,* is as follows:—

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

This poem is seldom seen without its companion piece, already referred to, and entitled *The Nymph's Reply*:—

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love."

24. *Whenas I sat in Pabylon*:—The old version of the 137th Psalm, which was drawn upon here, runs:—

"Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion
The teares for griefe burst out."

114, 115. *you make-a de sot of us*:—"Sot," says Hudson, "was much used in its French sense of *fool*."

Scene II.

30, 31. *twenty mile . . . twelve score*:—The use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Tempest* Prospero says, "Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan."

66. *speaks holiday*:—To *speak holiday* means to speak in well-chosen language, or in a style above the common. So in 1 *Henry*

IV., I. iii. 46, 47: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he question'd me"—although here there is an implied sense of dandyism and affectedness of speech.

70. *no having*:—That is, no *property* or *possessions*. So in *Twelfth Night*, III. iv.:—

> "My *having* is not much;
> I 'll make division of my present with you:
> Hold, there 's half my coffer."

Scene III.

21. *eyas-musket!*—A young sparrow-hawk, *eyas* being a nestling hawk, and *musket* a male sparrow-hawk. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,

> "Like *eyas hawke* up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay;"

and again in his *Hymne of Heavenly Love*: "Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas wings*."

25. *Jack-a-Lent*:—A small stuffed puppet that used to be thrown at for sport in Lent. .So in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 3: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent, for boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee."

57, 58. *the ship-tire, the tire-valiant*, etc.:—Any fanciful head-dress worn or approved by the fashion-lovers of Venice. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*."

65, 66. *if Fortune . . . friend*:—That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." "Fortune my foe" was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprices of Fortune.

74. *Bucklersbury in simple time*:—*Simples* or *herbs* were sold at the many apothecary-shops in Bucklersbury; thus in *simple time* filling the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender.

80. *Counter-gate*:—*Counter* was the name of one of the London prisons, and was a frequent subject of jest. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such-like places of prison, He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

92. *the arras*:—"In Shakespeare's time," says Hudson, "the walls of rooms, even in the best houses, were unplastered, and were lined with tapestries instead, which were called *arras*, from the town of Arras in France, where they were first made. These, to keep them from the rotting-damp, were hung on frames at some distance from the walls." And Steevens says: "The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much Ado* and Polonius in *Hamlet* also avail themselves of this convenient recess."

164. *I have dreamed to-night*:—Meaning *last night.*

Scene IV.

14. *thy father's wealth*:—"Some light," says Singer, "may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI., mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity 'that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion.' At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda."

92, 93. *be set quick*, etc.:—So in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

105. *once to-night*:—That is, *sometime to-night.* Often so.

Scene V.

26. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

28. *Chalices*:—Cups.

84. *distraction*:—Hanmer changed this to direction, and has been followed by some others, including Hudson (Harvard ed.).

108. *with*:—As pointed out by Singer, *with, by*, and *of* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I rather will suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, has this very phrase—*detected with*, for *impeached with*,

or *held in suspicion by*: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with vile fame so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

4. *courageous*:—As Hudson conjectures, *outrageous.*

Scene II.

198. *cry out thus upon no trail*:—Terms of the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the game. To *cry out* is to *open,* or *bark,* as the dogs do when they find the trail.

211, 212. *in fee-simple, with fine and recovery*:—Ritson remarks upon this passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance known to English law." So that the passage means, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the devil's," etc. Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms. But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters, in their ordinary talk, should speak greater poetry than any other poet has written?

212, 213. *he will never, I think,* etc.:—Hudson says that this "is another legal phrase, meaning, 'he will never again attempt to ruin us, or to *lay waste* our good name.'"

Scene IV.

33. *takes the cattle*:—*Take,* meaning to *strike with disease,* is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *King Lear,* II. iv.: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness." "A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring," says Markham (1595), "is said to be *taken,* and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false."

Scene V.

7, 8. *painted about . . . the Prodigal*:—"Bed-curtains and tapestries," says Hudson, "were often embroidered with figures from Scripture subjects, such as the Prodigal Son, Lazarus, and others. Shakespeare has divers allusions to them."

10. *Anthropophaginian*:—Man-eater or cannibal. Mine Host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple.

70. *Doctor Faustuses*:—Dr. Faustus, the German magician, had acquired a new celebrity through Marlowe's play.

Scene VI.

41. *quaint in green*:—*Quaint* here means *neat, tasteful, graceful,* with the idea of being, not fantastic, but elegantly fancied or conceived.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

25. *life is a shuttle*:—An allusion to Job, vii. 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*."

Scene V.

15-17. *Send me a cool . . . tallow*:—This is technical. It is explained by aid of Turberville's *Book of Hunting*, 1575: "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then so vehement in heat."

20-24. *Let the sky rain potatoes*, etc.:—The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato in 1586. It was supposed, as also was the eringo, to be an aphrodisiac.

28. *the fellow of this walk*:—The *keeper* of this park or portion of the forest. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

43. *quality*:—Profession, or function.

47, 49. *Where fires thou find'st unraked*, etc.:—This office of

the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favourite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:—

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:—

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

And again in the ancient song of the *Fairy Queen*:—

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

54. *Raise up the organs of her fantasy*:—*Fantasy,* according to Hudson, "here stands for *sensual desire,* the 'sinful fantasy' reproved afterwards in the Fairies' Song." Clarke gives a different explanation, making the passage mean, "exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams."

56. *But those as sleep*:—*As* and *that* were, in the time of Shakespeare, used interchangeably.

65. *With juice of balm,* etc.:—It was a practice with people of luxury to rub furniture with aromatic herbs, in order to give it a sweet smell. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits. "Perhaps," adds Hudson, "they found that penny-royal would keep off mosquitoes."

83. *middle-earth*:—Johnson says that "spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground;

men therefore are in a middle station." Often used in this sense by old writers.

173. *affliction*:—After this speech the following, in accordance with Theobald's decision, usually has been added from the Quarto:—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

204. *postmaster's boy*:—Here too, following Steevens, many have inserted the following from the Quarto:—

Evans. Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?

232. *evitate*:—Avoid.

243. *When night-dogs run,* etc.:—Here again we commonly have a line added from the Quarto: "*Evans.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding." Malone says that Falstaff alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page. "Falstaff," says Clarke, "here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the *dear* merry wives, by showing them that their *dear* daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers."

Questions on

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

1. At whose request is this play said to have come into existence?

2. What relation in time do the events here depicted bear to those of *Henry IV.*?

ACT FIRST.

3. With what note does the play open?

4. With what trait uppermost is Slender first presented?

5. What is first said of Anne Page? Of Master Page?

6. Mention some of Sir Hugh Evans's verbal peculiarities. Compare him with Fluellen in *Henry V.*

7. What contemporary of Shakespeare is supposed to be satirized in this Act?

8. How do Falstaff and his companions meet the charges of Shallow and Slender?

9. What dramatic purpose is effected by the short scene with the three women?

10. Who proposes the match between Slender and Anne Page? Why does he wish to foster it?

11. What subtle observation of nature does Shakespeare show in the scene between Anne Page and Slender? Is it a great art to make a dull person interesting?

12. What new stage in the subordinate intrigue does Sc. ii. introduce? What new character is presented and how described?

13. Why was Falstaff glad to be rid of Bardolph? To what extent was Falstaff not averse to stealing?

14. What is the intrigue which Falstaff proposes, and what is the counter-action? What motive is established for this counter-action? Why, at the close of Sc. iii., do Nym and Pistol speak in verse?

15. Why are Rugby's qualities set forth? What trait of Mrs. Quickly is here illustrated?

16. State the complication of the intrigue involving Anne Page, Sir Hugh, Mrs. Quickly, Dr. Caius, and Fenton as active participants. Whose side does Mrs. Quickly take?

ACT SECOND.

17. This Act presents what picture of middle-class morality?

18. What internal facts determine the social status of the audience for which the play was intended?

19. Who informs Ford of Falstaff's purposes?

20. What tag of speech does Nym always carry about with him? What is its satirical import?

21. Does Nym seem more of a caricature—like many of Dickens's people—than a character?

22. What saved Page from suspicion of his wife?

23. Mention a certain modern type of character satirized in the Host.

24. What touches of real Falstaffian humour in the dialogue in Sc. ii. between the knight and Pistol?

25. What is the office of Mrs. Quickly in the main intrigue?

26. How does Ford, disguised as Brook, persuade Falstaff to accede to his designs?

27. Does Falstaff here, as in all cases in *Henry IV.*, cover his retreat with humour?

28. Contrast the jealousy of Ford with that of Othello. Why is not Ford a tragic figure?

29. Is Dr. Caius a character of comedy or of burlesque? Compare him with Evans in his power of provoking mirth.

ACT THIRD.

30. Describe the state of mind of Evans at the opening of the first Scene. What situation in modern comedy resembles this?

31. How does the Host act as pacificator? What is his reward?

32. Define the state of mind of Slender during the progress of the first Scene.

33. How does Mrs. Page add to the jealousy of Ford?

34. What was Page's objection to Fenton as a suitor for Anne?

35. Had Falstaff any trusty followers? How did Robin deceive him?

36. What impression does Sir John make as a lover? Is it possible that a man of his intellect could have been so played upon?

37. Where is the climax of the drama?

38. What does Page say as Falstaff passes him, as the latter is carried out concealed in the buck-basket? How does Falstaff later describe the scene?

39. How do Sir Hugh Evans, Dr. Caius, and Mrs. Ford comment on the jealousy of Ford?

40. Why are the practical jokes at Falstaff's expense continued?

41. Does Fenton recommend himself to you as a fit suitor for "Sweet Anne Page"? How does he justify his position?

42. What effect of contrast is secured in the fourth Scene? How is it shown that the choice of lovers really lies between two?

43. Is Anne a romantic figure? If so, why is not her love-affair treated romantically? How would you describe the animating spirit of this Scene?

44. What determining influence has the principal intrigue upon the manner of treatment of the subordinate one?

45. What redeems Falstaff from the ignominy of the ducking, as evidenced in Sc. v.?

46. How is the interview between Falstaff and Ford, with which the Act closes, justified from a dramatic point of view?

ACT FOURTH.

47. Is there episodic value in Sc. i.?

48. Is it good art in Shakespeare to make the second scene of Falstaff at Mrs. Ford's follow so closely on the lines of the first?

49. How is it saved from bathos? Wherein resides the real comedy of the Scene?

50. In what way does Sc. iii. connect itself with the plot of the play?

51. Describe the plot that is laid for the third punishment of Sir John.

52. Is anything indicated as to the belief in witches and fairies in the England of this period?

53. How are the two intrigues brought together into the same channel?

54. Is there any reason in nature why Page should not have been as jealous of his wife as Ford was of his?

55. Did the difference of the Pages, man and wife, over the marriage of their daughter ever amount to enmity?

56. In what way is Mistress Prat of Brentford made to assume an integral part in the plot? What effect of retrospect is gained thereby?

57. Why is Nym the one singled out for reference?

58. What subsequent parts in the action do Pistol and Bardolph play?

59. Recount the episode of the German impostors? For what does this episode prepare?

60. What effect of reality is gained by the introduction of elements but remotely allied to the main action?

61. How does this imposture of the Germans furnish a background for Falstaff's reflection in the fifth Scene?

62. Compare the account of his second discomfiture that Falstaff gives to Dame Quickly with the account of the first, delivered to Ford. Is the citadel of his conceit feeling assaults made upon it?

ACT FIFTH.

63. State the reason that led Falstaff to venture his fortunes for the third time.

64. What classical comparisons does he plume himself with?

65. What effect is there in the transition from this to the fear of the fairies?

66. Indicate the sort of penitence that disgrace stirred in Falstaff. In what quarter did he chiefly fear disclosures?

67. How did Anne Page and Fenton outwit the whole company?

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68. Why is so much of this comedy written in prose? What parts are in verse; and what is the content of such passages?

69. Is the real Falstaff of *Henry IV.* to be seen in this play?

70. What are some of the characteristics that are distinctively his, and when are these prominent in this play?

71. Does the play furnish enough of the real Falstaffian humour to offset the feeling of injustice done to the fat knight of *Henry IV.*?

72. Compare respectively the Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph of this and the earlier play.

73. Compare Slender with Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*Twelfth Night*). Which is the more delightful?

74. Was Slender an unsuitable husband for Anne Page? Your opinion of Page and of the reasons why he encouraged the suit of Slender.

75. Will Fenton probably spend her money and then desert Anne? What may be expected from his antecedents?

76. What traits of character do you find in the two "merry wives"? What in Mrs. Quickly?

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* appeared in the year 1600:—

(i.) *A Midsummer-night's dreame. As it hath been sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreet.* 1600.

(ii.) An edition with the same title, bearing the name of '*Iames Roberts*' instead of '*Thomas Fisher.*'

These editions are styled respectively the First and Second Quartos; the Second was probably a pirated reprint of Fisher's, but the differences between them are unimportant, and though the First must be considered the authoritative text, both copies are remarkably accurate, when compared with other Quartos.

The First Folio version of the play was printed from the Second Quarto, with a few slight and unimportant changes, and with some careless errors.

The Date of Composition. The only positive piece of external evidence for the date of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is its mention by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Various attempts have been made to fix the occasion for which the play was originally written. Lord Southampton's marriage with Elizabeth Vernon has been proposed by some, but this did not take place till 1598; others maintain that the occasion was the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Sidney, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, in 1590; there is, however, absolutely

no authority for the statement, and the probabilities are strongly opposed to the supposition.

The most valuable internal indication of the date of composition is perhaps to be found in Act v. i. 52-55:—

> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
> *Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.*
> This is some satire, keen and critical,
> Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

We have most likely in these lines a reference to the death of Robert Greene, '*utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister,*' the novelist and dramatist, whose *Groatsworth of Wit* contained his well-known attack on 'the onely Shake-scene in a country'; in this pamphlet Greene spoke as the very representative of 'Learning,' and sounded the alarm of the scholar-poets at the triumphs of the 'unlearned' players in general, and of one 'upstart crowe' in particular. Greene died in degraded beggary in the autumn of 1592. The phrase '*the thrice three Muses*' was in all likelihood suggested by Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* (published in 1591), in which the nine Muses severally bewail the neglect of scholars,—one of many similar laments to be found in Elizabethan literature (*cp. e.g.* the lines at the end of the first sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*). The words '*late deceas'd*' would, according to this interpretation, fix the date of composition at about 1592-3.

On the other hand, it is maintained that Titania's description of the disastrous state of the weather (II. i. 88-117) points directly to the wretched summer of the year 1594; various contemporary accounts have come down to us of that terrible year, all of them recalling Shakespeare's words:—

> 'A colder time in world was never seene:
> The skies do loure, the sun and moone wax dim;
> Summer scarce known, but that the leaves are greene.
> The winter's waste drives water ore the brim;
> Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim;'
>
> —CHURCHYARD'S *Charitie*, 1595.

[*cp.* Forman's *Diary* (1564-1602); Stowe's *Chronicle,*

under the year 1594; Dr. King's *Lectures upon Jonas delivered at Yorke in the year of our Lorde* 1594.]

The general characteristics of the play lead to nothing very definite as far as its date is concerned; the rhyme-test is obviously no criterion, for the comedy is intentionally lyrical; but the blank-verse, with its paucity of double-endings and general regularity, the carefully elaborated plan and symmetrical arrangement of the plot, the comparative absence of real characterisation, the many reminiscences of country life, the buoyancy of its tone, all these elements manifestly connect *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* with the group of early 'love plays,'—*Love's Labour's Lost, The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *The Comedy of Errors,* and it may reasonably be placed between this group and the play to which they all seem to serve as preparatory efforts, the love-tragedy of '*Romeo and Juliet,*'—*i.e.* about the years 1593-1595. In all probability it passed through various revisions before its appearance as we have it in the First Quarto.

The Sources. (i.) Shakespeare may well have evolved *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale,** to which he is obviously indebted for many elements. The general framework of the play—viz., the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta, must have been suggested by the Tale; but Shakespeare ingeniously opens the '*Dream*' before the marriage, so that this event may round off the whole play; Chaucer introduces us to the pair at their home-coming after the marriage. In the '*Tale*' we have Palamon and Arcite rivals for the hand of Emelië; in obedience to the symmetrical plan of Shakespeare's early plots, these give place to two pairs of lovers, with their more complex story of crossed love; Emelië in fact resolves herself into Helena and Hermia. They are indeed "two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

* Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* amounts to very little—a few names and allusions; to these attention is called in the notes.

The great gods of Olympus, who busy themselves so actively with the destinies of the lovers in the '*Tale*,' are represented in the '*Dream*' by their mediæval representatives, by Oberon, Titania, and their ministering sprites.

In the '*Tale*,' as in the '*Dream*,' we have the same allusions to the rites of May, and the same 'musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction.' Shakespeare has, however, wisely dispensed with the cumbersome machinery of the '*Tale*'—cumbersome from the theatrical point of view—viz., the dungeons, tournaments, etc. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* should be read in order to understand how weak a drama results from the actual dramatisation of Chaucer's story of Palamon and Arcite.*

The secret of the transformation of *The Knight's Tale* into *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* may perhaps be partially understood, if we consider the task that Shakespeare seems to have set himself,—the task of satisfying all the requirements of a 'Court drama' without departing from his own ideas of Romantic Comedy. The essential elements of such a play as Lyly's *Endymion*,—the spectacular machinery, the mythological agencies, the love-story, the comical interlude, the complimentary allusions to the Queen, direct or allegorical,—all these find a place in Shakespeare's *Dream*.

(ii.) Popular tradition, derived from Teutonic and Celtic paganism, together with quasi-classical and romantic lore, are the main sources of Shakespeare's fairy mythology.† Oberon, the fairy king, found a place in English

* I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a line of Shakespeare's in this unequal performance; it is specially interesting to note that the authors of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* must have known that the '*Dream*' represented Shakespeare's version of the '*Tale*.'

† N. B. 'Fairy' properly signifies merely 'enchantment,' or the state of being like a *fay*; *fée*, with its various cognates in other Romance languages is derived from a low Latin *fata*, 'a goddess of destiny,' really a plural of *fatum*, treated as a feminine singular. The application of this term to the 'elves' of Teutonic mythology is in itself instructive.

dramatic literature* before Shakespeare re-created him; he may be traced back to the Charlemagne romance of *Huon of Bordeaux,* translated from the French by Lord Berners about 1534 (*cp. Early English Text Society, Extra Series,* ed. S. Lee, Nos. 40, 41, 43, 50). 'Oberon,' in reality identical with the famous dwarf 'Alberich' of the *Nibelungen Lied,* dwells with all his fairy subjects in a forest on the way to Babylon, and the splendour of his equipment has a truly oriental colouring; similarly Shakespeare associates his 'fairy-land' with the East—'the farthest steep of India.'

'Titania' (taken from Ovid, Metam. IV. 346, where it is applied to Diana) illustrates the belief current at the time that the fairies were identical with the classical nymphs, and that Diana was their queen.† Titania's more popular title was 'Queen Mab.'

In Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* the Fairy-King and Fairy-Queen are styled *Pluto* and *Proserpina*; possibly Shakespeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Tale* for the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, and for the Fairy-King's interest in a pair of mortals:—

> *'Pluto that is King of Faerië,*
> *And many a lady in his companië*
> *Following his wife, the Queen Proserpina . . . .*
> *Dame, quod this Pluto, be no longer wroth,*
> *I am king, it sit me not to lië.*
> *And I, quoth she, am Queen of Faërië,*
> *Let us no morë wordës of it make.'*

(It should be borne in mind that Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was published in 1590.)

The characteristics of 'Puck,' Oberon's jester, ('thou *lob* of spirits, *i.e.* clown,' II. 1-16) may all have been derived from popular tradition; the name was probably of Celtic origin, a generic term for 'sprite or goblin,' but it

* In Greene's *James IV.*, where he figures as 'Oberam, King of the Fayeries'; (*cp. The Fairy Queen,* Bk. ii., Cant. i., Sts. 6, 75).

† King James I. in his *Demonologie* points out that Diana was 'amongst us called the Phairee.'

is found in English before the Conquest, and very early in Scandinavian and other dialects. The mischief-loving sprite was generally known as '*Robin Goodfellow*,' in English, and '*Knecht Ruprecht*' in German. (On the Fairy-lore, *cp.* Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Midsummer-Night's Dream,* Shakespeare Society Publication, 1845, where among other illustrative texts '*The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow*' (printed 1628) will be found *in extenso*; also Keightley's *Fairy Mythology; cp.* Jonson's Mask of *Oberon,* Drayton's *Nymphidia,* Milton's *L'Allegro,* 100-114).

(iii.) It is significant that in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale,* to which allusion has already been made, occur the following lines:—

> '*O noble Ovide, soth sayest thou, God wot,*
> *What sleight is it if love be long and hote,*
> *That he will find it out in some manere?*
> *By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;*
> *Though they were kept ful long and strict over all,*
> *They ben accorded, rowning through a wall,*' etc.*

Perhaps these lines suggested to Shakespeare the subject of his burlesque interlude, introduced into this play much in the same way as the 'Nine Worthies' in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Various poems, ballads, and perhaps mumming plays on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe were probably known to Shakespeare, though his immediate source seems to have been Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* where the story is told (iv. 55-166).

A commonplace-book of the beginning of the seventeenth century belonging to the British Museum (Additional MSS. 15227) contains a short play entitled "*Tragædia miserrima Pyrami et Thisbes Fata enuncians* [*Historia ex Publio Ovidio deprompta*] *Authore N.R.*" A

* Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon* was certainly read by Shakespeare, though its influence cannot be detected in the play.

few lines from these brief 'tedious' scenes will serve to show how easily the subject lends itself to burlesque:—

> *"What shall I doe? I know not what to doe.*
> *Where shall I runne, oh runne? I cannot goe.*
> *Where shall I goe, oh goe? I cannot stirre."*

Among Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584) there is '*A New Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbe,*' which occasionally reminds one of Shakespeare's parody.

[*"Narcissus, A Twelfe Night Merriment played by Youths of the Parish at the College of S. John the Baptist in Oxford, A.D.* 1602 (*ed. Margaret Lee; David Nutt,* 1893) is a similar burlesque of an Ovidian story.]

(iv.) 'Oberon's Vision'—the pivot of the play—contains without doubt a complimentary allusion to the Queen. Various explanations have been advanced of the whole passage (II. i. 148-168). In 1843 the Rev. N. J. Halpin published his '*Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, illustrated by a comparison with Lylie's Endymion*'—the most ingenious unravelling of this allegorical passage, which is said to refer to the Queen's visit to Kenilworth Castle in July, 1575; to the festivities on that occasion; to the ambitious attempts of Leicester ('*Cupid all arm'd,*' Lyly's *Endymion*) to win Elizabeth ('*the cold moon,*' Lyly's *Cynthia*); to his wavering passion for the Countess of Sheffield ('*the earth,*' Lyly's *Tellus*); and finally to his intrigue with Lettice, Countess of Essex ('*a little western flower,*' Lyly's *Floscula*).

Time of Action. The action of the play covers three days, or rather one long night preceded and followed by a day, although Theseus in his opening words tells Hippolyta "*Four happy days*" are to elapse before their nuptial hour. The eventful night of the second day occupies the greater part of the play—viz., Acts II., III., and IV. Sc. i. (ll. 1-142). The following morning is "the morn of May"; "the Dream" is really "a May-Night's Dream," but 'Midsummer Eve'—'St John's Night,' with its pagan Balefires—was especially associated with fairy

superstitions and fantastic riotings, and the title suggests little more than 'a very Midsummer madness.' It is not absolutely necessary, as some scholars maintain, to regard the play as actually written for performance 'on Midsummer-day at Night,' though such plays were occasionally composed (*e.g.* Ben Jonson's Fairy Masque '*The Satyr,*' which evidently owes much to Shakespeare).

The idea of a 'dream-drama' was perhaps suggested by Lyly's Prologue to his *Woman in the Moon,* written some ten years before Shakespeare's play:—

> '*Remember all is but a poet's dream,*
> *The first he had in Phœbus' holy bower,*
> *But not the last, unless the first displease.*'

But in employing 'the Dream' as a piece of poetical machinery Shakespeare links himself to his mediæval predecessors, whose conventional allegories knew no other medium than that made familiar to them by their favourite '*Romaunt,*'—a device derived by Lorris from the quaint dream-book to which Chaucer often refers, '*Scipionis Somnium,*' by 'an author hight Macrobes.'

"God turne [illegible] dream to good!"

A Pensioner (II. i. 10) of the time of Elizabeth.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Theseus, Duke of Athens, after conquering the Amazons in battle, is in turn conquered by the charms of their queen, Hippolyta, and plights troth with her. To speed the time until their wedding night, he orders amusements to be put on foot. Actuated by a spirit of loyalty, Bottom the weaver and other tradesmen prepare a play for the Duke.

Egeus, an Athenian, brings his daughter Hermia and her two suitors before Theseus, praying him to command Hermia to wed Demetrius. Hermia pleads to be allowed to marry the one she loves—Lysander. The Duke orders her to obey her father under penalty of death or of a conventual life. Hermia and Lysander bewail the harsh decree, and secretly agree to meet in a wood near by and flee to another country. They tell their plans to Helena, a jilted sweetheart of Demetrius, and she, to win back his love, goes straightway to inform him of the design.

II. In the forest is great commotion among the fairies. King Oberon and Queen Titania are at odds. Oberon bids Puck procure a love-juice to pour upon Titania's eyelids when she is asleep, in order that she may love the first thing her waking eyes behold. Just then Oberon perceives Demetrius, who has sought out the trysting-place of Lysander and Hermia, only to meet Helena, much to his distaste. The lady's distress at her lover's coldness softens the heart of Oberon, who bids Puck touch Demetrius's eyes also with the love-juice, for Helena's sake, while he himself anoints the eyes of Ti-

tania. Meantime Lysander and Hermia arrive, and Puck in error anoints Lysander's instead of Demetrius's eyes; so that Lysander, happening to awake just as the neglected Helena wanders by, falls in love with her, to the abandonment of Hermia.

III. This same enchanted spot in the forest happens to be the place selected by Bottom the weaver and his companions for the final rehearsal of their play. The roguish Puck passes that way while they are rehearsing, and decides to take a hand in the proceedings. He crowns Bottom with an ass's head, whereupon the other players disperse terror-stricken. Then he brings Bottom to Titania, whose enchanted gaze fixes upon the human ass as her heart's love.

Meantime the four lovers come into great bewilderment. Oberon finds that Puck has anointed the eyes of Lysander instead of those of Demetrius, which he himself now takes occasion to touch. When Demetrius awakes he sees his neglected Helena being wooed by Lysander. His own love for her returns, and he is ready to fight Lysander. Helena deems them both to be mocking her; while Hermia is dazed by the turn of affairs. The fairies interpose and prevent conflict by causing the four to wander about until they are tired, when they fall asleep. Puck repairs his blunder by anointing Lysander's eyes, in order to dispel the illusion caused by the love-juice.

IV. Titania makes love to Bottom, till Oberon, whose anger has abated, removes the spell from her eyes. To Bottom is restored his natural form, and he rejoins his comrades in Athens. Theseus, on an early morning hunting-trip in the forest, discovers the four lovers. Explanations follow; the Duke relents and bestows Helena upon Demetrius and Hermia upon Lysander.

V. A wedding-feast for three couples instead of one only is spread in Duke Theseus's palace. Thither come Bottom's players to present the comic tragedy of "Pyr-

amus and Thisbe," which is performed in wondrous fashion. After the company retires for the night, the fairies dance through the corridors on a mission of blessing and good-will for the three wedded pairs.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Fairy World.

The fairy world becomes [in this play] as diversified as the natural, and we find degrees and orders among the flimsy population, from the robed and circleted Oberon and his Queen, the humorsome but observant Puck, the deft fairy mistress of robes and dewer of floral orbs, to the cloud of graceful dancers, and the small elves not disdainful of dapper jerkins from leather of rear-mice. The diminutiveness and delicacy ascribed to the quaint spirits are leading characteristics of the poetical ideal portrayed, and at the same time appear most difficult of dramatic rendering. Yet the poet appears to make no concession from consideration of the player; he rather insists, with recurring emphasis, on the tiny and airy essence of the beings he imagines, and demands that details as fragile and minute as those which, in mere license of unlimited description, are ascribed to Queen Mab's equipage in *Romeo and Juliet*, shall here be bodily set forth. Peasblossom, Cobweb, and their compeers, are as defined personalities as courtiers and gold sticks, lords in waiting, yeomen of the guard, and gentlemen pensioners ever can be. Answering to quaint names, but speaking little else, they execute sedulous and unquestioning, and with no sense of incongruity, all commands of their sovereign, and with equal zeal watch round "her close and consecrated bower," or scratch the ass's nowl of any anamorphosed fool who happens to be a royal favourite. Yet they attend and answer with the heart of elves not too big to find a full suit in a bat's

wing, but able-bodied for warfare singly against the red-hipped humble-bee, only wary withal of the bursting honey bag—or even, in phalanx, against the hooting owl with its broad wondering eyes, but scared when the voices of their sovereigns rise in domestic debate, and happy to dive, more than two together, into the depths of a concealing acorn cup. Delicately they can transfer and handle a dew-drop—a fairy ring on the grass affords space for a multitude of them—and for time, a minute requires micrometrical division—"Then for the third part of a minute hence"—for the apportionment of their most complicated undertakings.

Such, however, is the perfect harmony of imagery and allusion, that, while the fairies are alone on the stage, it might be easy for the eye to mistake the scale of the actors, with slight assistance of sex and age in the cast. Some aid may be gained by a moderated disproportion in the forest scenery, flowers, turf, mushrooms, etc., and the trunk of the "Duke's oak." Add to this careful attention to contrast the fairy costume with that of even the female characters of the play, to illuminate the stage sufficiently for the play of countenance to be discovered through the long night scenes, otherwise vexatious, and stage resources will have done all that is necessary, and the rest may be left to the force of the poetry, which will solicit, will exact, prompt acquiescence in all its postulates, and to the gradation of relief from the bewildered lovers to the amateur actors and their translated coryphæus.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Effects of Contrast.

We can readily perceive why, in this work, the "rude mechanicals" and clowns, and the company of actors with their burlesque comedy, are placed in such

rude contrast to the tender and delicate play of the fairies. Prominence is given to both by the contrast afforded between the material and the aërial, between the awkward and the beautiful, between the utterly unimaginative and that which, itself fancy, is entirely woven out of fancy. The play acted by the clowns is, as it were, the reverse of the poet's own work, which demands all the spectator's reflective and imitative fancy to open to him this aërial world, whilst in the other nothing is left to the imagination of the spectator. The homely mechanics, who compose and act merely for gain, and for the sake of so many pence a day, the ignorant players, with hard hands and thick heads, whose unskilful art consists in learning their parts by heart, these men believe themselves obliged to represent Moon and Moonshine by name in order to render them evident; they supply the lack of side-scenes by persons, and all that should take place behind the scenes they explain by digressions. These rude doings are disturbed by the fairy chiefs with their utmost raillery, and the fantastical company of lovers mock at the performance.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

Puck and His Pranks.

Puck is apt to remind one of Ariel, though they have little in common, save that both are supernatural, and therefore live no longer in the faith of reason. Puck is no such sweet-mannered, tender-hearted, music-breathing spirit, there are no such delicate interweavings of a sensitive moral soul in his nature, he has no such soft touches of compassion and pious awe of goodness, as link the dainty Ariel in so sweetly with our best sympathies. Though Goodfellow by name, his powers and aptitudes for mischief are quite unchecked by any gentle

relentings of fellow-feeling: in whatsoever distresses he finds or occasions he sees much to laugh at, nothing to pity: to tease and vex poor human sufferers, and then to think "what fools these mortals be," is pure fun to him; and if he do not cause pain, it is that the laws of Fairydom forbid him, not that he wishes it uncaused. Yet, notwithstanding his mad pranks, we cannot choose but love him, and let our fancy frolic with him, his sense of the ludicrous is so exquisite, he is so fond of sport, and so quaint and merry in his mischief, while at the same time such is the strange web of his nature as to keep him morally innocent. It would seem that some of the tricks once ascribed to him were afterwards transferred to witchcraft. Well do we remember a black spot in the bottom of the old churn over which we have toiled away many an autumnal evening. A red-hot horseshoe had been thrown in to disbewitch the cream, and had left its mark there. Report told how a certain old woman of the neighbourhood was fretting and groaning the next morning with a terrible burn. Of course she was burnt out of the churn, and, she away, the butter soon came.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Titania.

[Shakespeare's fairies] can make no direct inward impression upon mortals; their influence over the mind is not spiritual, but throughout material; it is effected by means of vision, metamorphosis, and imitation. Titania has no spiritual association with her friend, but mere delight in her beauty, her "swimming gait," and her powers of imitation. When she awakes from her vision there is no reflection. "Methought I was enamoured of an ass," she says—"O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!" She is only affected by the idea

of the actual and the visible. There is no scene of reconciliation with her husband; her resentment consists in separation, her reconciliation in a dance; there is no trace of reflection, no indication of feeling. Thus, to remind Puck of a past event no abstract date sufficed, but an accompanying indication, perceptible to the senses, was required. They are represented, these little gods, as natural souls, without the higher human capacities of mind, lords of a kingdom, not of reason and morality, but of imagination and ideas conveyed by the senses; and thus they are uniformly the vehicle of the fancy which produces the delusions of love and dreams. Their will, therefore, only extends to the corporeal. They lead a luxurious, merry life, given up to the pleasures of the senses; the secrets of nature and the powers of flowers and herbs are confided to them. To sleep in flowers, lulled with dances and songs, with the wings of painted butterflies to fan the moonbeams from their eyes, this is their pleasure; the gorgeous apparel of flowers and dewdrops is their joy. When Titania wishes to allure her beloved, she offers him honey, apricots, purple grapes, and dancing.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

VI.

Bottom.

When Malvolio [in *Twelfth Night*] is trying to break up the midnight revel, the mischievous Maria fleers at him with, "Go shake your ears." That is a performance for which Malvolio is still too distant from his congener. But self-sufficiency succeeds in preserving that structure in Bottom, who is so deep and rich with harmless vanity that he sprouts into the auricular appendages, and he shakes them in the most amiable, frisky way through the Dream of a Midsummer Night. But there is nothing sour about Bottom; he has none of the quality which

Margaret Fuller was the first to call "aloofness." He is hale-fellow with all his mates who appreciate the small gifts which belong to him, and which he good-naturedly strives to render serviceable. Though he is a better fellow than Malvolio, he has all that precisian's ambition; for as the steward could be Olivia's husband as well as any other man—forsooth, why not?—so Bottom thinks he can play all the parts, rises to their glittering bait, and would appropriate the whole interlude. He is one of those self-made men who occasionally discredit their own bringing up and help us to recover our respect for a liberal education. Like the man of whom Sydney Smith said that he was ready at any moment to undertake the command of the Channel Fleet or run a factory, they have elbowed their way into a conviction that they can fill all the offices from constable to President in a style to astonish men of disciplined intelligence. And they frequently succeed in doing that. Men who unfortunately enjoyed early advantages, and whose lives have perhaps been a protracted training in the virtue as well as wit which lifts state-craft above gambling, have the proper kind of admiration for these chevaliers of industry. . . .

It is also a suggestion of the subtlest humor when Titania summons her fairies to wait upon Bottom; for the fact is that the soul's airy and nimble fancies are constantly detailed to serve the donkeyism of this world. "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman." Divine gifts stick musk-roses in his sleek, smooth head. The world is a peg that keeps all spiritual being tethered. James Watt agonizes to teach this *vis inertiæ* to drag itself by the car-load; Palissy starves for twenty years to enamel its platter; Franklin charms its house against thunder; Raphael contributes halos to glorify its ignorance of divinity; all the poets gather for its beguilement, hop in its walk and gambol before it, scratch its head, bring honey-bags, and light its farthing dip at glow-worms' eyes. Bottom's want of insight is circled round

by fulness of insight, his clumsiness by dexterity. In matter of eating, he really prefers provender: "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." But how shrewdly Bottom manages this holding of genius to his service! He knows how to send it to be oriented with the blossoms and the sweets, giving it the characteristic counsel not to fret itself too much in the action.

You see there is nothing sour and cynical about Bottom. His daily peck of oats, with plenty of munching-time, travels to the black cell where the drop of gall gets secreted into the ink of starving thinkers, and sings content to it on oaten straw. Bottom, full-ballasted, haltered to a brown-stone-fronted crib, with digestion always waiting upon appetite, tosses a tester to Shakspeare, who might, if the tradition be true, have held his horse in the purlieus of the Curtain or Rose Theatre: perhaps he sublet the holding while he slipped in to show Bottom how he is a deadly earnest fool; and the boxes crow and clap their unconsciousness of being put into the poet's celestial stocks. All this time Shakspeare is divinely restrained from bitterness by the serenity which overlooks a scene. If, like the ostrich, he had been only the largest of the birds which do not fly, he might have wrangled for his rations of ten-penny nails and leather, established perennial indigestion in literature, and furnished plumes to jackdaws. But he flew closest to the sun, and competed with the dawn for a first taste of its sweet and fresh impartiality.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

VII.

Theseus.

The central figure of the play is that of Theseus. There is no figure in the early drama of Shakspere so magnificent. His are the large hands that have helped to shape the world. His utterance is the rich-toned speech of one who is master of events—who has never

known a shrill or eager feeling. His nuptial day is at hand; and while the other lovers are agitated, bewildered, incensed, Theseus, who does not think of himself as a lover, but rather as a beneficent conqueror, remains in calm possession of his joy. Theseus, a grand ideal figure, is to be studied as Shakspere's conception of the heroic man of action in his hour of enjoyment and of leisure. With a splendid capacity for enjoyment, gracious to all, ennobled by the glory, implied rather than explicit, of great foregone achievement, he stands as centre of the poem, giving their true proportions to the fairy tribe, upon the one hand, and, upon the other, to the "human mortals." The heroic men of action—Theseus, Henry V., Hector—are supremely admired by Shakspere. Yet it is observable that as the total Shakspere is superior to Romeo, the man given over to passion, and to Hamlet, the man given over to thought, so the Hamlet and the Romeo within him give Shakspere an infinite advantage over even the most heroic men of action. He admires these men of action supremely, but he admires them from an outside point of view. "These fellows of infinite tongue," says Henry, wooing the French princess, "that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad." It is into Theseus' mouth that Shakspere puts the words which class together "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" as of imagination all compact. That is the touch which shows how Shakspere stood off from Theseus, did not identify himself with this grand ideal (which he admired so truly), and admitted to himself a secret superiority of his own soul over that of this noble master of the world.

Comments by Shakspere upon his own art are not so numerous that we can afford to overlook them. It must here be noted that Shakspere makes the "palpable gross" interlude of the Athenian mechanicals serve as an indirect apology for his own necessarily imperfect

attempt to represent fairy-land and the majestic world of heroic life. Maginn (*Shakspeare Papers*, p. 119) writes: "When Hippolyta speaks scornfully of the tragedy in which Bottom holds so conspicuous a part, Theseus answers that the best of this kind [scenic performances] are but shadows, and the worst no worse if imagination amend them. She answers [for Hippolyta has none of Theseus' indulgence towards inefficiency, but rather a woman's intolerance of the absurd] that it must be *your* imagination then, not *theirs*. He retorts with a joke on the vanity of actors, and the conversation is immediately changed. The meaning of the Duke is that, however we may laugh at the silliness of Bottom and his companions in their ridiculous play, the author labours under no more than the common calamity of dramatists. They are all but dealers in shadowy representations of life; and if the worst among them can set the mind of the spectator at work, he is equal to the best."

Maginn has missed the more important significance of the passage. Its dramatic appropriateness is the essential point to observe. To Theseus, the great man of action, the worst and the best of these shadowy representations are all one. He graciously lends himself to be amused, and will not give unmannerly rebuff to the painstaking craftsmen who have so laboriously done their best to please him. But Shakspere's mind by no means goes along with the utterance of Theseus in this instance any more than when he places in a single group the lover, the lunatic, and the poet. With one principle enounced by the Duke, however, Shakspere evidently does agree—namely, that it is the business of the dramatist to set the spectator's imagination to work; that the dramatist must rather appeal to the mind's eye than to the eye of sense; and that the co-operation of the spectator with the poet is necessary. For the method of Bottom and his company is precisely the reverse, as Gervinus has observed, of Shakspere's own method.

They are determined to leave nothing to be supplied by the imagination. Wall must be plastered; Moonshine must carry lantern and bush. And when Hippolyta, again becoming impatient of absurdity, exclaims, "I am aweary of this moon! would he would change!" Shakspere further insists on his piece of dramatic criticism by urging, through the Duke's mouth, the absolute necessity of the man in the moon being *within* his lantern. Shakspere as much as says, "If you do not approve my dramatic method of presenting fairy-land and the heroic world, here is a specimen of the rival method. You think my fairy-world might be amended. Well, amend it with your own imagination. I can do no more unless I adopt the artistic ideas of these Athenian handicraftsmen."

It is a delightful example of Shakspere's impartiality that he can represent Theseus with so much genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Matthew Arnold has named our aristocrats, with their hardy, efficient manners, their addiction to field sports, and their hatred of ideas, "the Barbarians." Theseus is a splendid and gracious aristocrat, perhaps not without a touch of the Barbarian in him. He would have found Hamlet a wholly unintelligible person, who, in possession of his own thoughts, could be contented in a nutshell.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VIII.

Appreciations of the Play.

We have here an element of aristocratic distinction in the princely couple, Theseus and Hippolyta, and their court. We have here an element of sprightly burlesque in the artisans' performance of Pyramus and Thisbe, treated with genial irony and divinely felicitous humour. And here, finally, we have the element of supernatural poetry, which soon after flashes forth again in *Romeo and Juliet,* where Mercutio describes the doings of Queen

Mab. Puck and Pease-blossom, Cobweb and Mustard-seed—pigmies who hunt the worms in a rosebud, tease bats, chase spiders, and lord it over nightingales—are the leading actors in an elfin play, a fairy carnival of inimitable mirth and melody, steeped in a midsummer atmosphere of mist-wreaths and flower-scents, under the afterglow that lingers through the sultry night. This miracle of happy inspiration contains the germs of innumerable romantic achievements in England, Germany, and Denmark, more than two centuries later.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Of all his works, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* leaves the strongest impression on my mind, that this miserable world must have, for once at least, contained a happy man. This play is so purely delicious, so little intermixed with the painful passions from which poetry distils her sterner sweets, so fragrant with hilarity, so bland and yet so bold, that I cannot imagine Shakspeare's mind to have been in any other frame than that of healthful ecstasy when the sparks of inspiration thrilled through his brain in composing it.

CAMPBELL.

Shakespeare's joy in the possession of the poetic gift, and his earliest delight in life, found radiant expression in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, a masterpiece of poetic fancy, and the gayest and most beautiful of poetic comedies. Rich as this drama is in humorous effects, it is so essentially lyrical in spirit that it stands alone in English poetry; an exquisite expansion of the masque or festival poem into a drama of pure fancy and daring imagination.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is especially remarkable for its beauty as a composition. The theme throughout is treated with care as well as felicity. In structure,

in diction, in characterisation, and poetical elegance, it is, we may boldly say, faultless. Nor is it less fitted for the stage than for the closet. However it may be acted, whether as a ballet with a favourite cantatrice in the part of Oberon, or otherwise as a Scandinavian legend with the faery monarch properly bearded, its histrionic representation is always charming. Its execution is as exquisite as its conception is delicate.

HERAUD: *Shakspere, His Inner Life as Intimated in His Works.*

It is astonishing that Shakespear should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons and hydras, and chimæras dire." His subtlety exceeds that of all other dramatic writers, insomuch that a celebrated person of the present day said that he regarded him rather as a metaphysician than a poet. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together. What we mean is this, that we will produce out of that single play ten passages to which we do not think any ten passages in the works of the French poets can be opposed displaying equal fancy and imagery. Shall we mention the remonstrance of Helena to Hermia, or Titania's description of her fairy train, or her disputes with Oberon about the Indian boy, or Puck's account of himself and his employments, or the Fairy Queen's exhortation to the elves to pay due attendance upon her favourite, Bottom; or Hippolyta's description of a chase, or Theseus' answer? The two last are as heroical and spirited as the others are full of luscious tenderness. The reading of the play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight; the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *a carpenter.*
SNUG, *a joiner.*
BOTTOM, *a weaver.*
FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *a tinker.*
STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*
PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, }
MOTH, } *fairies.*
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! 20
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, 30
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power 50
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun; 70
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. 90

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his; 100
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,— 120
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son. 160
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 190
The rest I 'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; 220
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, 240
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point. 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed. 20

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks 30
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling. 40

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight.

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That 's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' 50

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker. 60

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.' 70

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that

they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. 80

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in? 90

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 100

NMU

Puck.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.
Quin. At the duke's oak we meet. 110
Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be: 10
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I 'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20

Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale. 50
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy? here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train; from the other, Titania, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa? 80

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land, 90
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable: 100
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, 150
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: 160
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that 220
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I 'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed: 230
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
[*Exit Dem.*
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; 250
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,

Oberon Placeta Spell on Titania

Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here; 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend: 60
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here? 70
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase:
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130

But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I 'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't. 30

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies, —I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,' —or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner. 40

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 50

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the

great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall. 60

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 70

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 80
What, a play toward! I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. ——odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. 90
[*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak 100 that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!
[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier: 110
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire:

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.* 120

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true, 130
The wren with little quill;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so? 140

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can 150 gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; 160
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

First Fai. Ready.

Sec. Fai. And I.
Third Fai. And I.
Fourth Fai. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, 170
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
First Fai. Hail, mortal!
Sec. Fai. Hail! 180
Third Fai. Hail!
Fourth Fai. Hail!
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.
Cob. Cobweb.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?
Peas. Peaseblossom.
Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, 190 your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?
Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed. 200

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear, 31
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With a love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed. 40

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much? 71
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band 110
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me 120
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er? 130
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! 140
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too? 150
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena;
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort 160
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone. 170
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence. 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek 'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words. 220
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he 'll [stay].
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent! 261
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so. 270
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I! I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one. 400

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod; he is defiled 410
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, are thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not? 421
Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east.
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown: 460
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The same.

Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where 's Mounsieur Mustardseed? 10

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur. 20

Mus. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? 30

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let 's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. 40

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight? 50

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes, 60
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain; 70
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen. 80

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound music! Come, my queen, take hands with me, 90
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad, 100
Trip we after night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day, 110
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*Exit an Attend.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, 120
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, 130
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day 140
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? 150

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head. 160
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia, 170
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 180
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 190
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let 's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past 210 the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this 220 dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 20 scaped sixpence a day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out. 30

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for 40 they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, 10
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight? 41

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*Reads*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[*Reads*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[*Reads*] The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[*Reads*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: 90

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome; 100
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 120
Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain. 130
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, 140
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 150
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly. 160
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not! 170
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me! 180

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones, 190
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you. 200

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning. 210

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here, 221
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, n'am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour. 230

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible 240 within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change! 250

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes 260 Thisbe.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished. 270

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear! 280
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? 290
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, 300
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. 310

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes. 320

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks, 330
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk:
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word: 340
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask 350 dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players

are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: 360
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 370
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run 380
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite 390
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we, 400
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity, 410
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended, 420
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue, 430
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Abridgement, an entertainment to while away the time; V. i. 39.
Aby, pay for; III. ii. 175.
Adamant, loadstone; II. i. 195.

From the early black-letter edition of the *Greate Herball.*

Address'd, ready; V. i. 106.
Admirable, to be wondered at; V. i. 27.
Advised; 'be advised' = "consider what you are doing"; I. i. 46.
Against, in preparation for; V. i. 75.
Aggravate; Bottom's blunder for "decrease"; I. ii. 81.
All, fully; II. i. 157.
An, if; I. ii. 50.
An if, if; II. ii. 153.
Antique, strange; V. i. 3.
Approve, prove; II. ii. 68.
Apricocks, apricots; III. i. 169.
Argument, subject of story; III. ii. 242.
Artificial, skilled in art; III. ii. 203.
As, that as; I. i. 42.
Ask, require; I. ii. 24.
Aunt, old dame; II. i. 51.
Austerity, strictness of life; I. i. 90.

Barm, froth, yeast; II. i. 38.
Barren, empty headed; III. ii. 13.
Bated, excepted; I. i. 190.
Beard, the prickles on the ears of corn; II. i. 95.
Belike, very likely; I. i. 130.
Bellows-mender, mender of the bellows of organs; I. ii. 41.
Bergomask dance, a rude clownish dance such as the people of the town Bergamo or of the province Bergamasco were wont to practise. "Bergamo, a town in the Venetian territory, capital of the old province Bergamasco, whose inhabitants used to be ridiculed as clownish"; V. i. 351, 360.
Beteem, accord, permit; I. i. 131.
Bill, list; I. ii. 105.

Blood, passion; I. i. 68; I. i. 74; birth, social rank; I. i. 135.
Bolt, arrow; II. i. 165.
Bootless, in vain, uselessly; II. i. 37.
Bosom, heart; I. i. 27.
Bottle, bundle, truss; IV. i. 37.
Bouncing, imperious; II. i. 70.
Brave touch, noble action; III. ii. 70.
Breath, voice, notes; II. i. 151.
Brief, short statement; V. i. 42.
Brisky, brisk; III. i. 97.
Broach'd, stabbed, spitted; V. i. 147.
Bully, comrade; III. i. 8.
Buskin'd, wearing the buskin, a boot with high heels, worn by hunters and huntresses; II. i. 71.

Canker-blossom, the worm that eats into blossoms; III. ii. 282.
Cankers, worms; II. ii. 3.
Capacity; 'to my c.,' *i.e.* "so far as I am able to understand"; V. i. 105.
Cavalery, cavalero, cavalier; IV. i. 24.
Centaurs; 'battle with the c.,' an allusion to the attack made on Hercules by the Centaurs when he was in pursuit of the Erymanthian boar; the battle referred to is not their famous contest with the Lapithæ; V. i. 44.
Chance; "how c.," *i.e.* "how chances it"; I. i. 129.
Changeling, a child substituted by the fairies for the one stolen by them; II. i. 23.
Cheek by jole, i.e. cheek to cheek, side by side; III. ii. 338.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 96; V. i. 293.
Chiding, barking; IV. i. 120.
Childing, productive, fertile; II. i. 112.
Church-way, leading to the church; V. i. 380.
Churl, boor, peasant; II. ii. 78.
Clerk, scholars; V. i. 93.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. ii. 339.
Collied, dark, black; I. i. 145.
Compact, composed, formed; V. i. 8.
Compare with, try to rival; II. ii. 99.
Con, learn by heart; I. ii. 99.
Concern, accord with, befit; I. i. 60.
Condole, probably one of Bottom's blunders, unless perhaps used in the sense of lament; I. ii. 26.
Confusion, ruin; I. i. 149.
Consecrate, consecrated; V. i. 413.
Constancy, consistency; V. i. 26.
Contagious, pestilential; II. i. 90.
Continents, banks; II. i. 92.
Courageous, happy, fortunate; IV. ii. 26.
Coy, fondle; IV. i. 2.
Crazed title, a title with a flaw in it; I. i. 92.

Create, created; V. i. 403.
Critical, censorious; V. i. 54.
Cry, pack of hounds; IV. i. 129.
Cupid's flower, the pansy, "love-in-idleness"; IV. i. 78.
Curst, shrewish; III. ii. 300.
Cut thread and thrum = cut everything, good and bad (vide *Thread* and *Thrum*); V. i. 285.

Dances and delight = delightful dances; II. i. 254.
Darkling, in the dark; II. ii. 86.
Dead, deadly, death-like; III. ii. 57.
Dear expense, a privilege dearly bought; I. i. 249.
Debate, contention; II. i. 116.
Defeated, cheated; IV. i. 162.
Defect, Bottom's blunder for "effect"; III. i. 40.
Derived; 'as well derived' = as well-born; I. i. 99.
Devices, plans, projects; I. ii. 104; performance; V. i. 50.
Dewberries, the fruit of the dewberry bush; III. i. 170.
Dewlap, the loose skin hanging from the throat of cattle; here used for "neck"; II. i. 50; '*dewlapp'd*'; IV. i. 127.
Dian's bud, probably the bud of the Agnus Castus or Chaste-tree; "the vertue of this herbe is that he wyll kepe man and woman chaste"; IV. i. 78.
Discharge, perform; I. ii. 95; IV. ii. 8.
Disfigure, to obliterate; I. i. 51.
Disfigure, Quince's blunder for "figure"; III. i. 61.
Distemperature, disorder of the elements; II. i. 106.
Dole, grief; V. i. 277.
Done; "when all is done," = when all is said and done; III. i. 16.
Dowager, a widow with a jointure; I. i. 5.
Drawn, with drawn sword; III. ii. 402.

Earthlier happy, happier as regards this world; I. i. 76.
Eat, ate; II. ii. 149.
Eglantine, sweetbriar; II. i. 252.
Egypt; 'brow of E.'=the brow of a gypsy (*i.e.* an Egyptian); V. i. 11.
Eight and six, alternate verses of four and three feet; the common ballad metre of the time; III. i. 25.
Embarked traders, traders embarked upon the sea; II. i. 127.
Enforced, forced, violated; III. i. 205.
Enough; 'you have enough,' *i.e.* you have heard enough to convict him; IV. i. 159.
Ercles = *Hercules,* whose twelve labours had often formed the subject of dramatic shows, the hero resembling Herod in his ranting; I. ii. 28.
Erewhile, a little while ago; III. ii. 274.

Estate unto, bestow upon; I. i. 98.
Ever, always; I. i. 150.
Exposition; Bottom's blunder for "disposition"; IV. i. 43.
Extenuate, mitigate, relax; I. i. 120.

Faint, pale; I. i. 215.
Fair, fairness, beauty; I. i. 182.
Fair, kindly; II. i. 199.
Fall, let fall, drop; V. i. 142.
Fancy, love; I. i. 155; IV. i. 168.
Fancy-free, free from the power of love; II. i. 164.
Fancy-sick, sick for love; III. ii. 96.
Favour, features; I. i. 186.
Favours, love-tokens; II. i. 12; nosegays of flowers; IV. i. 53.
Fell; 'passing fell,' extremely angry; II. i. 20.
Fellow, match, equal; IV. i. 38.
Figure, typify; I. i. 237.
Fire, will of the wisp; III. i. 112.
Flew'd, having an overhanging lip on the upper jaw; IV. i. 125.
Floods, waters; II. i. 103.
Flout, mock at; II. ii. 128.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 88.
For the candle, because of the c.; V. i. 247.
Force; 'of force' = perforce; III. ii. 40.
Fordone, exhausted; V. i. 372.
Forgeries, idle inventions; II. i. 81.
Forth, out of, from; I. i. 164.
For that, because; II. i. 220.
Forty, used as an indefinite number; II. i. 176.
French crown color, light yellow, the color of the gold of the French crown; I. ii. 94.

Gallant = "gallantly" (which the Folios read); I. ii. 23.
Gawds, trifles, trinkets; I. i. 33.
Generally; Bottom's blunder for "severally": I. ii. 2.
Glance at, hint at; II. i. 75.
Gleek, jest, scoff; III. i. 151.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 211.
Gossip's bowl, originally a christening cup; thence applied to a drink usually prepared for christening feasts; its ingredients were ale, spice, sugar, and roasted *crabs* (*i.e.* crab-apples; II. i. 47.
Government, control; 'in government' = under control; V. i. 123.
Grace, favour granted; II. ii. 89.
Grim-look'd, grim-looking; V. i. 169.
Grow to a point, come to the point; I. ii. 10.

Hands; 'give me your hands,' applaud by clapping; V. i. 435.
Head; 'to his head' = to his face; I. i. 106.
Hearts, good fellows; IV. ii. 25.
Helen, a blunder for "Hero"; V. i. 198.

Hempen home-spuns, coarse fellows (rude mechanics); III. i. 79.

Henchman, page, attendant; II. i. 121.

From an engraving (*temp.* Charles I.) in the Bagford collection.

Hight, is called; V. i. 139.

Horned moon, used perhaps quibblingly with reference to the material of Moonshine's lanthorn; V. i. 242.

Human, humane, courteous; II. ii. 57.

Human mortals, men, as distinguished from fairies, who were considered *mortal,* though not *human*; II. i. 101.

Imbrue, stain with blood; V. i. 343.

Immediately, purposely; I. i. 45.

Impeach, bring into question; II. i. 214.

In = on; II. i. 85.

Incorporate, made one body; III. ii. 208.

Injurious, insulting; III. ii. 195.

Intend, pretend; III. ii. 333.

Interchained, bound together; II. ii. 49.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth; III. i. 97.

Kind; 'in this kind,' in this respect; I. i. 54.

Knacks = knick-knacks; I. i. 34.

Knot-grass; 'hindering k.' was formerly believed to have the power of checking the growth of children; III. ii. 329.

Lakin; 'by 'r lakin,' *i.e.* by our ladykin, or little lady, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary; III. i. 14.

Latch'd, moistened, anointed; III. ii. 36.

Leave, give up; II. i. 197.

Leviathan, whale; II. i. 174.

Limander, a blunder for "Leander"; V. i. 197.

Lion-fell, lion's skin (but *cp.* Note); V. i. 224.

Lob, buffoon, clown; II. i. 16.

Lode-star, the leading star, the polar star; I. i. 183.

Lordship; 'unto his lordship, whose,' etc. = unto the government of him, to whose, etc.; I. i. 81.

Lose, forget; I. i. 114.

Love-in-idleness, the heartsease, or pansy, called "Cupid's flower"; II. i. 168.

Loves; 'of all loves,' for love's sake; II. ii. 154.

Luscious, delicious, sweet; II. i. 251.

Make mouths upon = "make faces at, mock at"; III. ii. 238.

May, can; V. i. 2.

Mazed, perplexed; II. i. 113.

Mazes, "figures marked out on village greens for rustic sports, such as the game called *running the figure of eight*"; II. i. 99.

Means, moans; V. i. 322.

Mechanicals, working-men; III. ii. 9.

Mimic, actor; III. ii. 19.

Minding, intending; V. i. 113.

Minimus, tiny creature; III. ii. 329.

Misgraffed, grafted on a wrong tree; I. i. 137.

Misprised, mistaken; III. ii. 74.

Misprision, mistake; III. ii. 90.

Momentany, momentary, lasting a moment; I. i. 143.

Morning's love, i.e. Cephalus; III. ii. 389.

Moused, torn in pieces, as a cat worries a mouse; V. i. 268.

Mouth, sound; IV. i. 128.

Murrion = infected with murrain, a disease among cattle; II. i. 97.

Musk-rose, described in Gerarde's *Herbal,* as "a flower of a white colour," with "certaine yellow seedes in the middle . . . of most writers reckoned among the wilde Roses"; II. i. 252.

Naught; "a thing of naught," a worthless thing; IV. ii. 14.

Neaf, fist; IV. i. 20.

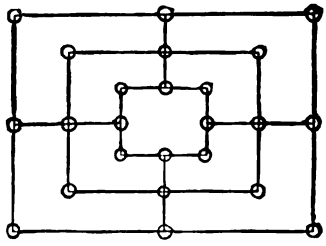
Nearly that concerns = that nearly c.; I. i. 126.

Neeze = sneeze; II. i. 56.

Next, nearest, first; III. ii. 2.

Night-rule, night revel; III. ii. 5.

Nine men's morris, "a plat of green turf cut into a sort of chess board, for the rustic youth to exercise their skill upon. The game was called 'nine men's morris' (or 'merrils,' *i.e.* 'counters' or 'pawns') because the players had each nine men which they moved along the lines cut in the ground—a diagram of three squares, one within the other—until one side had taken or penned up all those on the other"; II. i. 98.



From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Ninus, the supposed founder of Nineveh, the husband of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon; V. i. 138.

Nole, noddle, head; III. ii. 17.
None; 'I will none,' *i.e.* "nothing to do with her, none of her"; III. ii. 169.

Obscenely; Bottom's blunder for (?) seemly; I. ii. 108.
Observance; 'to do o. to a morn of May,' *i.e.* "to observe the rights of May-day"; I. i. 167.
Observation = observance of May-day; IV. i. 109.
Of, by; II. ii. 134; for, III. i. 44.
On; "fond on," *i.e.* "doting on"; II. i. 266.
On = of; V. i. 227.
Orange-tawny, dark yellow; I. ii. 93.
Orbs, rings of rich green grass thought to be caused by the fairies; II. i. 9.
Original = originators; II. i. 117.
Other, others; IV. i. 71.
Ounce, a kind of lynx; II. ii. 30.
Ousel, blackbird; III. i. 128.
Overbear, overrule; IV. i. 184.
Owe, own; II. ii. 79.
Oxlips, a kind of cowslip not often found wild; II. i. 250.

Pageant, show, exhibition; III. ii. 114.
Palpable-gross, palpably gross; V. i. 365.
Pard = leopard; II. ii. 31.
Parlous = perilous; III. i. 14.
Parts, qualities; III. ii. 153.
Pat, pat, exactly, just as it should be; III. i. 2.
Patched, wearing a coat of various colours; "patched fool," *i.e.* "a motley fool"; IV. i. 214.
Patches, clowns; III. ii. 9.
Patent; "virgin patent," privilege of virginity; I. i. 80.
Pelting, paltry; II. i. 91.
Pensioners, retainers; II. i. 10.
Periods, full stops; V. i. 96.
Pert, lively; I. i. 13.
Phibbus = Phœbus; I. ii. 34.
Pilgrimage; 'maiden pilgrimage,' a passing through life unwedded; I. i. 75.
Plain-song, used as an epithet of the cuckoo, with reference to its simple, monotonous note; a "plain-song" is a melody without any variations; III. i. 135.
Points; 'stand upon points,' used quibblingly, (1) "mind his stops," and (2) "be over-scrupulous"; V. i. 118.
Possess'd; 'as well possess'd,' possessed of as much wealth; I. i. 100.
Preferred, submitted for approval; IV. ii. 38.
Preposterously, perversely; III. ii. 121.
Presently = immediately; IV. ii. 36.
Prevailment, weight, sway; I. i. 35.
Prey, the act of preying; II. ii. 150.
Princess, paragon, perfection; III. ii. 144.
Privilege, safeguard, protection; II. i. 220.

Procrus, a blunder for "Procris," the wife of Cephalus; V. i. 199, 200.
Prodigious, unnatural; V. i. 409.
Prologue, speaker of the prologue; V. i. 106.
Proper, fine, handsome; I. ii. 85.
Properties; a theatrical term for all the adjuncts of a play, except the scenery and the dresses of the actors; I. ii. 108.
Protest, vow; I. i. 89.
Pumps, low shoes; IV. ii. 36.
Purple-in-grain, dyed deep red; I. ii. 93.

Quail, quell, overpower; V. i. 286.
Quell, kill; V. i. 286.
Quern, a mill for grinding corn by hand; II. i. 36.
Questions, arguings; II. i. 235.

Recorder, a kind of flageolet; V. i. 123.
Rent, rend; III. ii. 215.
Rere-mice, bats; II. ii. 4.
Respect; 'in my r.,' *i.e.* "in my estimation"; II. i. 224.
Respects, regards; I. i. 160.
Right maid, true maid; III. ii. 302.
Ringlets, the circles on the greensward, supposed to be made by the fairies (*cp. Orbs*); II. i. 86.
Ripe, grow ripe; II. i. 118.
Ripe, ready for presentation; V. i. 42.
Round; 'dance in our r.,' a dance in a circle; II. i. 140.

From a woodcut in the Roxburghe collection of ballads.

Roundel, dance in a circle; II. ii. 1.
Run through fire; a proverbial expression signifying "to do impossibilities"; II. ii. 103.

Sad, serious; IV. i. 100.
Sanded, sandy coloured; IV. i. 125.
Savours, scents, fragrance; II. i. 13.
Schooling, instructions; I. i. 116.
Scrip, "scroll," *i.e.* list of actors; I. ii. 3.
Seal, pledge; III. ii. 144.
Seething, heated, excited; V. i. 4.
Self-affairs, my own business; I. i. 113.

Sensible, capable of feeling; V. i. 181.
Serpent's tongue, i.e. hissing, as a sign of disapproval; V. i. 430.
Shafalus, a blunder for "Cephalus," who remained true to his wife Procris notwithstanding Aurora's love for him; V. i. 199, 200.
Sheen, brightness; II. i. 29.
Shore = shorn; V. i. 338.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 33.
Simpleness, simplicity; V. i. 83.
Sinister, left; V. i. 163.
Sisters Three, i.e. the Fates; V. i. 334.
Sleep, sleeping; IV. i. 152.
Small, in a treble voice like a boy or a woman; I. ii. 49.
Snuff, used equivocally; '*to be in snuff*' = "to be offended"; V. i. 248.
So, in the same manner; IV. i. 125.
Solemnities, nuptial festivities; I. i. 11.
Solemnly, with due ceremony; IV. i. 93.
Sooth, truth; II. ii. 129.
Sort, company, crew; III. ii. 13.
Sorting; 'not s. with,' not befitting; V. i. 55.
Sphery, star-like; II. ii. 99.
Spleen, sudden passion; I. .. 146.
Split; 'to make all split,' a proverbial expression used to denote violent action; originally used by sailors; I. ii. 29.
Spotted, polluted; I. i. 110.
Spring; 'middle summer's spring,' the beginning of midsummer; II. i. 82.
Square, wrangle, squabble; II. i. 30.
Stay = to stay; II. i. 138.
Stealth, stealing away; III. ii. 310.
Steppe (so Quarto 1), probably an error for "steep" (the reading of the Folios and Quarto 2); hence Milton's "Indian steep" (*Comus,* 139); it is doubtful whether Shakespeare was acquainted with this Russian term; II. i. 69.
Still, always, ever; I. i. 212.
Stood upon, depended upon; I. i. 139.
Streak, touch softly; II. i. 257.
Stretch'd, strained; 'extremely s.,' *i.e.* "strained to the utmost"; V. i. 80.
Strings, to tie on false beards with; IV. ii. 35.
Superpraise, overpraise; III. ii. 153.

Tartar's bow; the Tartars or Parthians were famous for their skill in archery; in the old maps Tartary included the ancient Parthia; III. ii. 101.
Tear; 'to tear a cat in,' a proverbial phrase = to rant violently; I. ii. 29.
Thick-skin, dolt; III. ii. 13.

Thracian singer, i.e. Orpheus; "His grief for the loss of Eurydice led him to treat with contempt the Thracian women, who in revenge tore him to pieces under the excitement of their Bacchanalian orgies"; V. i. 49.
Thread, the warp; V. i. 291.
Throws; throws off, sheds; II. i. 255.
Thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; V. i. 285.
'Tide, betide; V. i. 204.
Tiring-house, dressing-room; III. i. 4.
Toward, in progress; III. i. 81.
Toys, trifles; 'fairy toys,' fanciful tales; V. i. 3.
Trace, traverse; II. i. 25.
Translated, transformed; I. i. 191; III. i. 122.
Transported, removed, carried off; IV. ii. 4.
Triple Hecate, i.e. ruling in three capacities—as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; V. i. 381.
Triumph, public show; I. i. 19.
Troth, truth; II. ii. 36.
Tuneable, tuneful; I. i. 184.

Unbreathed, unexercised; V. i. 74.
Unharden'd, impressionable; I. i. 35.
Upon, by; II. i. 244.

Vantage; 'with vantage,' having the advantage; I. i. 102.
Vaward = vanguard; IV. i. 110.
Villagery, a collective word, meaning either (1) village population, or (2) villages; II. i. 35.
Virtue; 'fair virtue's force,' *i.e.* the power of thy fairness; III. i. 144.
Voice, approval; I. i. 54.
Votaress, a vestal vowed to virginity; II. i. 163.

Wandering knight = knight errant; I. ii. 44.
Want, lack; II. i. 101.
Wanton, luxuriant, thick; II. i. 99.
Wasted, consumed; V. i. 372.
Ways; 'all ways,' in all directions; IV. i. 40.
Weed, robe; II. i. 256.
Where (dissyllabic); II. i. 249.
Where = wherever; IV. i. 157.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. i. 69.
Withering out, delaying the enjoyment of; I. i. 6.
Without, outside of; I. i. 165; beyond the reach of; IV. i. 158.
Wode, mad (with a play upon "wood"); II. i. 192.
Woodbine, honeysuckle; II. i. 251; probably "convulvulus or bindweed"; IV. i. 46.
Worm, serpent; III. ii. 71.
Wrath, wrathful; II. i. 20.

You (ethic dative); I. ii. 81, 82.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 10. '*new-bent*'; Rowe's correction of '*now bent*,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 11. '*Philostrate*' is the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; it occurs too in Plutarch's *Lives*, where are to be found also the names Lysander and Demetrius.

I. i. 27. The second Folio reads, '*this hath bewitched*'; the earlier edition, '*this man*'; perhaps we should read '*this man hath 'witched*.'

I. i. 44. '*our law*'; Solon's laws gave a father the power of life and death over his child.

I. i. 159, 160. These lines should perhaps be transposed.

I. i. 167. '*to do observance to a morn of May*,' *cp. Knight's Tale*, 1500: '*And for to doon his observance to May*.'

I. i. 219. '*stranger companies*'; Theobald's emendation of '*strange companions*,' which is the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 11. '*The most lamentable comedy*,' etc. *Cp.* the title of Preston's *Cambyses*, '*a lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth*,' etc.

I. ii. 51. '*Thisne, Thisne*,' so the Quartos and Folios; perhaps this spelling was intentional to represent Bottom's attempt to speak the name 'in a monstrous little voice.' The words may, however, be an error for '*thisne, thisne*,' *i.e.* 'in this manner, in this manner,' '*thissen*' being used in this sense in various dialects.

II. i. 54, 55. The Quartos and Folios read '*coffe . . . loffe*,' for the sake of the rhyme.

II. i. 58. '*room*'; probably pronounced as a dissyllable.

II. i. 78. '*Perigenia*,' called 'Perigouna' in North's *Plutarch*; she was the daughter of the famous robber Sinnis, by whom Theseus had a son, Menaloppus.

II. i. 79. '*Ægle*'; Rowe's correction for '*Eagles*' of the Quartos and Folios; probably '*Eagles*' was for '*Ægles*,' a form due to North's *Plutarch*, where it is stated that some think Theseus

left Ariadne "because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appear,

> *'Ægles the nymph was lov'd of Theseus,*
> *Who was the daughter of Panopeus.'"*

II. i. 80 *Antiopa,* said to be the name of the Amazon queen, and the mother of Hippolytus.

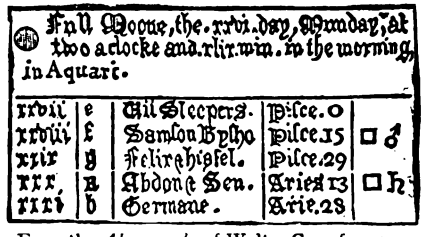
II. i. 231. *'Daphne holds the chase'*; the story tells how Apollo pursued Daphne, who was changed into a laurel-tree as he reached her.

From an early MS. of Maundevile's *Travels.*

II. i. 232. *'the dove pursues the griffin'*; the accompanying illustration of a griffin is from an early MS. of Maundevile's *Travels.*

III. i. 36-47. This was probably suggested by an actual incident which occurred during the Kenilworth festivities, when one Harry Goldingham, who was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back, tore off his disguise, and swore he was none of Arion (*cp.* Scott's use of this story in *Kenilworth*).

III. i. 54. *'A calendar, a calendar . . . find out moonshine.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)



Full Moone, the. xxvi. day, Munday, at two a clocke and. xlix. min. in the morning, in Aquari.

xxvii	e	Gil Sleepers.	Pisce. 0	
xxviii	f	Samson Bycho	Pisce. 15	☐ ♂
xxix	g	Felix Chiesel.	Pisce. 29	
xxx.	a	Abdone Sen.	Aries 13	☐ ♄
xxxi	b	Germane.	Arie. 28	

From the *Almanacke* of Walter Gray for 1591.

III. i. 190. *'Squash,' i.e.* an unripe peascod.

III. ii. 36. *'latch'd'*; the word *'latch'* in this passage, as Prof. Skeat has pointed out, is not connected with the ordinary *'latch,'* 'to catch,' but is etymologically the casual form of *'leak,'* and means 'to cause to drop, to drip.'

III. ii. 119. *'sport alone,' i.e.* 'by itself, without anything else'; others render 'alone' by 'above all things, without a parallel.'

III. ii. 188. *'oes'*; *o* was used for anything round, among other things for circular discs of metal used for ornaments; *cp.* Bacon,

Essay xxxvii.: "And Oes, and Spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory."

III. ii. 204. '*needles*,' a monosyllable; '*needle*' was often spelt '*neeld*' in Old English.

III. ii. 212-214. "Helena says, 'we had two seeming bodies but one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile—'we had two of the first, *i.e.* bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which, like our single heart, have but one crest.'"

III. ii. 257. '*No, no; he'll stay.* The Cambridge Edition, '*No, no; he'll . . . seem*'; the first Quarto, '*heele seem*'; the second, '*hee'l seem*'; the first Folio, '*No, no, Sir, seem.*' The passage is clearly corrupt in the old editions. Mr. Orson ingeniously suggests:—

> "*No, no, sir; still*
> *Seeme to breake loose,*"

'*heele*' being an easy misreading of '*stille.*' The present editor has added '*stay*' as a mere conjecture.

III. ii. 379. '*Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.*' (*Cp.* the accompanying illustration.)

From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar.*

IV. i. 31. '*a reasonable good ear in music*'; weavers were supposed to be fond of music, more especially of psalm-singing; *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 146, '*I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms.*'

IV. i. 46. '*So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle*'; commonly '*woodbine*' is identical with '*honeysuckle*,' but it is also used by Elizabethans for 'convolvulus' and 'ivy.' Shakespeare,

however, uses the word in two other passages (II. i. 251, and *Much Ado*, III. i. 30) in the sense of 'honeysuckle'; hence Warburton suggested:—

> '*So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*
> *Gently entwist the maple, ivy so,*' etc.

Johnson thought that '*woodbine*' was the plant, and '*honeysuckle*' the flower. These suggestions are not satisfactory: the simplest way out of the difficulty is to take 'woodbine' as equivalent to 'convolvulus' or 'bindweed'; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight*:—

> '*behold!*
> *How the blue blindweed doth itself infold*
> *With honeysuckle.*'

IV. i. 78. '*Dian's bud*'; it has been thought that perhaps '*Dian's bud*' = 'Diana's rose,' 'the rose of England's Virgin Queen'; '*Diana's Rose*' is actually used in this complimentary sense in Greene's *Friar Bacon*.

IV. i. 87. '*Than common sleep,*' etc.; the Quartos and first two Folios read '*sleepe: of all these, fine the sense*'; the correction is Theobald's.

IV. i. 95. '*prosperity*'; so the first Quarto; the second and Folios, '*posterity.*'

IV. i. 121. '*fountains*'; perhaps an error for '*mountains.*'

V. i. 47. '*my kinsman Hercules*'; *cp.* North's *Plutarch, Life of Theseus*: "they (Theseus and Hercules) were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side."

V. i. 54. '*critical,*' *i.e.* 'censorious,' as in the well-known utterance of Iago, '*I am nothing, if not critical*' (*Othello*, II. i. 120).

V. i. 59. '*wondrous strange snow*'; '*strange*' is hardly the epithet one would expect, and various emendations have been suggested:—'*strange black,*' '*strong snow,*' '*swarthy snow,*' '*sable-snow,*' '*and, wondrous strange! yet snow.*' Perhaps the most plausible conjecture is Mr. S. W. Orson's '*wondrous flaming snow*'; *cp.* "What strange fits be these, Philautus, that burn thee with such a heat, that thou shakest for cold, and all thy body in a shivering sweat, in *a flaming ice*, melteth like wax and hardeneth like the adamant" (Lyly's *Euphues*, ed. Arber, p. 311).

V. i. 91. '*And what poor duty,*' etc.; Coleridge proposed:—

> '*And what poor duty cannot do, yet would,*
> *Noble respect takes it,*' etc.

The metre is defective as the lines stand. Theobald read '*poor*

willing duty . . . Noble respect.' The meaning is sufficiently clear, and recalls *Love's Labour's Lost,* V. ii. 516, *'That sport best pleases that doth least know how,'* etc. *Takes it in might* = 'regards the ability or effort of the performance.'

V. i. 106. *'the Prologue is address'd*; *i.e.* the speaker of the p. is ready.

From a woodcut in the *Antigone* of G. P. Trapolini (Padua, 1581).

V. i. 118. *'stand upon points'*; Quince's punctuation reminds one of the reading of Roister Doister's letter to Mistress Constance in the old comedy (*cp. Roister Doister,* iii. 3).

V. i. 139. *'name'*; as there is no rhyme to *name,* the loss of a line is to be inferred, or perhaps we should read *'which by name Lion hight.'*

V. i. 163. *'And this the cranny is.'* (*Cp.* the following illustration.)

From a Dutch drama on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe (Amsterdam, 1640.)

V. i. 207. *'mural down'*; the Quartos read *'Moon used'*; the Folios, *'morall downe'*; the emendation *'mural'* was due to Pope.

V. i. 224. *'n'am lion fell'*; the Quartos and Folios read *'am lion fell,' i.e.* a fierce lion; but Snug wishes to say 'he is not a lion,' wherefore the words have been hyphened by most modern editors, including the Cambridge Edition, 'lion-fell,'

i.e. 'a lion's skin.' Johnson understood '*neither*' before '*a lion fell*'; Rowe read '*No lion fell.*' I am strongly inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote '*n'am,*' an archaic form, like *nill* (*i.e.* ne will). In Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* the following couplet occurs, remarkably suggestive of our text:—

> "*I n'am a man, as some do think I am;*
> (*Laugh not good lord*), *I am indede a dame.*"

Considering Gascoigne's intimate connection with the Kenilworth Festivities, a strong case could be made out for the theory that Snug's couplet is a direct parody of the lines in the *Steele Glas.*

From a seal affixed to a deed dated 1335.

V. i. 322. '*means,*' changed by Theobald to '*moans.*' . . . '*Mean*' in the sense of 'to lament,' an archaic form, is really more correct than 'moan,' and probably intentionally used by Shakespeare to harmonize with the archaisms of the interlude.

V. i. 370. '*behowls*'; Theobald's emendation of '*beholds,*' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 256-8. '*I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush my thornbush; and this dog my dog.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 269, 270. Spedding proposed to invert these lines.

V. i. 273. '*gleams*'; the Quartos and Folio 1 read '*beams*'; Folio 2, '*streams.*'

V. i. 319, 320. '*he for a man—God bless us,*' omitted in the Folios, probably in consequence of the statute of James I. forbidding profane speaking, or use of 'the holy name of God.'

From a woodcut in the *Mad Prankes* (of Robin Good-fellow), 1628.

V. i. 387. '*I am sent with broom before.*' *Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 393. '*this ditty*'; Johnson supposes that two songs are lost, one led by Titania, and one by Oberon.

V. i. 417, 418. These lines should obviously be transposed in order to make sense of the passage.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

20. *duke*:—This has been set down as a misapplication of a modern title. If it be such, Shakespeare is not responsible for it, as Theseus is repeatedly called *duk* in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, to which the Poet was evidently indebted for some of the material of this play. But indeed this application of *duke* to the heroes of antiquity was quite common; the word being from the Latin *dux*, which means a chief or leader of any sort. Thus in 1 *Chronicles*, i. 51, we have a list of "the *dukes* of Edom." We will subjoin the opening of The Knight's Tale, as illustrating both the matter in hand and the general scope of the Poet's obligations in that quarter:—

"Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree

With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host in armes him beside."

131. *Beteem*:—This term for *permit* or *allow* is used by Shakespeare only here and in *Hamlet*, I. ii., in the familiar passage (lines 140-142): "So loving to my mother, that he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly." Spenser has in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 8, 19:—

"So would I (said th' enchaunter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend."

141-149. *Or, if there were a sympathy*, etc.:—Milton seems to have remembered this passage in his account of the "innumerable disturbances on earth through female snares," *Paradise Lost*, Book x.:—

"For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

It did not fall within Milton's purpose to consider that poor woman is a sufferer in these disturbances as well as man: he views her as the cause, not as the victim, of these mischiefs; whereas Shakespeare regards both sexes as subject to them by an edict of Destiny.

167. *To do observance to a morn of May*:—Here we may perceive that Shakespeare has been with Chaucer:—

"Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May,
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,

And fressher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight.
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, arise and *do thin observance.*"

Touching the rites of this ancient holiday—a time that inspired Chaucer to sing,

"O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may"—

Stowe informs us how our ancestors were wont to go out into "the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." But Stubbs, the atrabilious Puritan, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* speaks very differently; he accounts for the delight others take in the season thus: "And no marvel, for there is a great lord present among them, as superintendent over their pastimes and sports, namely, Sathan, Prince of Hell."

246-251. *I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight,* etc.:—"I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout, but especially, and, perhaps, unpleasingly, in this broad determination of ungrateful treachery in Helena, so undisguisedly avowed to herself, and this, too, after the witty cool philosophizing that precedes. The act itself is natural, and the resolve so to act is, I fear, likewise too true a picture of the lax hold which principles have on a woman's heart, when opposed to, or even separated from, passion and inclination. For women are less hypocrites to their own minds than men are, because in general they feel less proportionate abhorrence of moral evil in and for itself, and more of its outward consequences, as detection, and loss of character than men—their natures being almost wholly extroitive. Still, however just in itself, the representation of this is not poetical; we shrink from it, and cannot harmonize it with the ideal."

Scene II.

48, 49. *you shall play,* etc.:—See *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* I. i. 48, 49, where Slender says of Anne Page, "She has brown hair, and *speaks small* like a woman." This speech of Peter Quince's shows, what is known from other sources, that the parts of women were used to be played by boys, or, if these could not be had, by men in masks. Prynne, the Puritan hero, informs us that female actors appeared on the stage at the Blackfriars as early as 1629, and he comes down upon women's acting with a tempest of wrath, while he is still harder upon the personating of women by boys and men.

92-95. *your straw colour beard,* etc.:—It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard. So Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*: "He has *dyed his beard* and all."

96, 97. This is an allusion to the baldness attendant upon a particular stage of what was then termed the *French* disease.

105. *properties*:—A curious list of these is given in Brome's comedy, *The Antipodes,* 1640:—

> "He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
> And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
> Our statues and our images of gods,
> Our planets and our constellations,
> Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
> Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards,
> Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

2 *et seq.* Collier informs us that "Coleridge, in his lectures in 1818, was very emphatic in his praise of the beauty of these lines; 'the measure,' he said, 'had been invented and employed by Shakespeare for the sake of its appropriateness to the rapid and airy motion of the Fairy by whom the passage is delivered.'" And in his *Literary Remains,* after analyzing the measure, he speaks of the "delightful effect on the ear," caused by "the sweet transition" from the amphimacers of the first four lines to the trochaic of the next two. The *orbs* here referred to were the

verdant circles which the old superstition thus delineated called fairy rings, supposing them to be made by the night-tripping fairies dancing their merry roundels. As the ground became parched under the feet of the moonlight dancers, Puck's office was to refresh it with sprinklings of dew, thus making it greener than ever. Science has of course brushed away the charm that once hung about these rings, which, it tells us, are merely circular growths of fungi. The allusion in the term *pensioners* is to Elizabeth's band of Gentleman *Pensioners,* who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace.*

15. *hang a pearl,* etc.:—In the old comedy of *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll,* before 1600, an enchanter says:—

> "'Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
> Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
> *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*"

16. *lob of spirits*:—It would seem that Puck, though he could "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," was heavy and sluggish in comparison with the other fairies: he was the *lubber* of the spirit tribe. Shakespeare's "*lob* of spirits" is the same as Milton's "*lubbar* fiend," thus spoken of in *L'Allegro*:—

> "And he, by friar's lantern led,
> Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
> That ten day-labourers could not end:
> Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

23. *changeling*:—It was a roguish custom of the fairies, if a child of great promise were born, to steal it away, and leave an ugly, or foolish, or ill-conditioned one in its stead. So in *The Faerie Queene,* i. 10. 65:—

> "From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
> There, as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
> And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
> Such, men do *chaungelings* call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici,* speaking of the devil's practices, says: "Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legerdemain of *changelings.*" How much comfort this old belief sometimes gave to parents, may be seen from Drayton's *Nymphidia*:—

"And when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other."

32-42. *Either I mistake,* etc.:—That this whole account of Puck was gathered from the popular notions of the time might be shown from many passages. Thus in Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*: "And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why, then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head." Likewise, in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; —this white bread and milk was his standing fee." See also the preceding quotation from Milton, the ballad entitled The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, in Percy's *Reliques,* and Drayton's *Nymphidia,* from the last of which we subjoin one stanza:—

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

54. *And 'tailor' cries*:—Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat

slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a *tailor* squats upon his board.

56. *waxen in their mirth*:—*Waxen* is an old plural form of the verb *to wax*; the meaning of course being, *increase* in their mirth.

60. *proud Titania*:—"Shakespeare's elf queen," says Herford, "seems to be more original than either [Oberon or Puck]. Tradition had less definitely fixed her character. Spenser had quite recently (1590) been able to apply the name to a being as little related to the legendary mistress of Thomas of Ercildoun as to Chaucer's Proserpina. Shakespeare himself gave her a Puck character as Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*. Classical scholars widely connected her with Diana. Titania is distinct from all these, but she seems to have affinities both with Diana and Proserpina. Like the queen of Hades, Shakespeare's fairies are of the night; they 'run from the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream.' It was an easy step thence to bring them into a special relation to the moon, and thus they are made to pursue the chariot of the 'triple Hecate,' to sing hymns and carols to her, or neglect to sing them. The Poet of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was evidently attracted by the classical legends of the Moon, and Lyly's mythic drama on the Endymion story had probably contributed to the attraction. This aspect of his fairydom seems to have had its share in suggesting the name Titania, which he found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (iii. 173) as a synonym for Diana. Titania herself is, however, a very different being from the chaste maiden-deity. She is no goddess, but a fairy, childlike in her innocence and her impulsiveness and, above all, helplessly subdued by the shafts of that casual and irrational love which the 'odd beams of the watery moon' had instantly quenched. But if she is not 'cold,' she is the embodiment of feminine daintiness and delicacy; and all about her is imagined with an exquisite instinct for the elemental life of flower and insect and all the dainty and delicate things of nature."

105. *rheumatic diseases*:—*Rheumatic* is here accented on the first syllable, as also in *Venus and Adonis*, 135: "O'erworn, despised, *rheumatic* and cold." The word, as Halliwell says, is not here used in its modern acceptation. Colds, coughs, etc., were included under this class of complaints.

124. *the spiced Indian air*:—*Bartholomæus de Glanvilla*, 1582, is cited as follows: "As the rivers there are very many, so are they very great, through whose watery overflowing it commeth

to passe that in the moyst grounde, the force of the sunne approaching, ingendreth or bringeth forth all things in great quantitie, and seemeth almost to fill the whole world *with spice* and precious stones, of which it aboundeth more than all other countries of the world."

168 *et seq. love-in-idleness,* etc.:—The love-juice with which the eyes of the lovers and Titania were anointed, was, according to Herford, "first brought into connection with fairy-lore by Shakespeare. It was perhaps suggested by a passage in the *Diana* of Montemayor (tr. 1579), a book which the *Two Gentlemen* shows him to have known. Upon this juice and its effects the whole plot turns. The attempts of Warburton and Halfin to read complex personal allusions into the pretty myth of the little western flower beyond the obvious compliment to Elizabeth, are therefore open to grave doubt. With the same delight in blending classical and romantic myths which marks his handling of the fairy world, Shakespeare sought a link between the classical and the romance symbols for the caprice and incalculableness of love—between the arrow of Cupid and the love-juice. Such a link he found in the country name for the pansy—'love-in-idleness.' It receives the arrow and yields the juice. Cupid himself, the boy, is replaced by the king of the childlike fairies, and in Oberon's hands the juice provokes sudden accesses of unreasoning love. From these wayward caprices of passion, Theseus and Hippolyta, once sufficiently subject to them, now stand severely apart."

195. *You draw me, . . . adamant*:—In *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature,* by Edward Fenton, 1569, is the following: "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him."

Scene II.

45. *O, take the sense,* etc.:—That is, understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning.

120. *Reason becomes,* etc.:—Though this play be but a dream, Lysander shows a good deal of human nature, as it is when awake, or claiming to be so, in thus attributing to riper reason a change wrought in his vision by enchantment. The bewitching juice only develops a "higher law" in him. And in like sort it

often happens that men, mistaking change for progress, grow the more opinionated for their frequent changes of opinion, thus turning the natural arguments of modesty into a basis of conceit.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

102. *cues and all*:—The *cues* were the last words of the preceding speech, which served as a hint to him who was to speak next.

108 *et seq. I'll follow you*, etc.:—The Protean versatility of Puck is celebrated in whatsoever has come down to us respecting him. Thus in an old tract entitled *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests*:—

> "Thou hast the power to change thy shape
> To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape."

And in a ballad given in the Introduction to the same tract:—

> "Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
> And lead them from their way."

128, 129. *The ousel cock*, etc.:—In the opinion of some commentators, the Poet or Bottom is a little out here in his ornithology. This opinion has probably arisen from a change in the use of the name since Shakespeare's day; *ousel* being then used to denote the *blackbird*, as is evident from the Thirteenth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

> "The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
> As nature him had mark'd of purpose t' let us see
> That from all other birds his tunes should different be;
> For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
> Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."

And in a note upon this passage he adds: "Of all birds the *blackbird* only whistleth"; thus showing that the *ousel*, the *merle*, and the *blackbird* were all one. Bottom's *orange-tawny* bill accords with what Yarrell says of the blackbird: "The beak and the edges of the eyelids in the adult male are *gamboge yel-*

low." The *whistling* of the blackbird is thus spoken of in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:—

> "The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
> The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
> The *Ouzell shrills*; the Ruddock warbles soft."

174. *glow-worm's eyes*:—"I know not," says Johnson, "how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." It is, however, remarked by Mason and Halliwell that the Poet may have intended to designate the lights of the insect as *eyes* without any reference to their situation.

186. *desire you of more acquaintance*:—This kind of phraseology was not uncommon. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 402: "I humbly do desire your *Grace of pardon.*" In *Lusty Juventus*, a Morality, we have: "I shall desire *you of* better acquaintance." And in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "I do desire *you of* more acquaintance."

Scene II.

97. *that costs the fresh blood dear*:—An allusion to the ancient notion that every sigh cost or consumed a drop of blood. Repeatedly found in Shakespeare, in various forms; as "blood-*consuming* sighs," "blood-*drinking* sighs," "blood-*sucking* sighs."

150. *join in souls*:—That is, join heartily, unite in the same mind.

198-208. *Is all the counsel*, etc.:—Gibbon, in his account of the holy friendship between the great Cappadocian saints, Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, *Decline and Fall*, Chap. xxvii., note 29, refers to this passage, and quotes a parallel passage from Gregory's Poem on his own Life. The historian adds: "Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen, he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother-tongue, the language of Nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." The following translation of St. Gregory's lines is given in Newman's *Church of the Fathers*:—

> "May I not boast how in our day we moved
> A truest pair, not without name in Greece;
> Had all things common, and one only soul

In lodgment of a double outward frame?
Our special bond, the thought of God above,
And the high longing after holy things.
And each of us was bold to trust in each,
Unto the emptying of our deepest hearts;
And then we loved the more, for sympathy
Pleaded in each, and knit the twain in one."

379. *night's swift dragons*:—The chariot of Night was fabled as drawn by a team of dragons, that is, serpents, who were thought to be always awake, because they slept with their eyes open, and therefore were selected for this purpose. So in *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 48: "Swift, swift, you *dragons* of the night." And in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:—

"Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her *dragon* yoke."

382, 383. *damned spirits all*, etc.:—The ghosts of self-murderers, who were buried in crossroads; and of those who being drowned were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. See the fine passage in *Hamlet*, I. i. 149 *et seq.* "I have heard, the cock, that is the trumpet to the morn," etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

4 *seething brains*:—So in *The Tempest*, V. i. 59, 60: "Thy *brains*, now useless, *boil'd* within thy skull." And in *The Winter's Tale*, III. iii. 64, 65: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?"

108-117. *If we offend*, etc.:—Had "this fellow" stood "upon points," his carefully mispointed speech would have read nearly as follows:—

"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning. Of our end

Consider then: we come; but in despite
We do not come: as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here, that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

166, 167. *It is the wittiest partition,* etc.:—Farmer would read "heard *in* discourse," making the equivoke on *partition* an allusion "to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time"; and other commentators are disposed to follow Farmer in this explanation.

368 *et seq.* Upon this passage Coleridge thus remarks in his *Literary Remains*: "Very Anacreon in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity! So far it is Greek;—but then add, O, what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation, of English fancy! In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."

387. *To sweep,* etc.:—That is, "to sweep the dust *from* behind the door." Collier informs us that on the title-page of the tract, *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests,* Puck is represented in a woodcut with a broom over his shoulder. The whole fairy nation, for which he served as prime minister, were great sticklers for cleanliness.

401. *shall blessed be*:—This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Douce has given the formula from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. In the French romance of *Melusine,* the Bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes, during the benediction, the married couple only *sat* on the bed; but they generally received a portion of the consecrated bread and wine.

414. *And each several chamber bless*:—Of this ancient rite Chaucer gives an example in The Milleres Tale:—

"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes,
On the foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
Lord Jesu Crist, and seint Benedight,
Blisse this hous from every wicked wight," etc.

428. *Puck,* it seems, was a suspicious name, which makes that

this merry, mischievous gentleman does well to assert his honesty. As for the name itself, it was no better than *fiend* or *devil.* In *Piers Ploughman's Vision,* one personage is called *helle Pouke.* And the name thus occurs in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:—

> "Ne let *the pouke,* nor other evill sprights,
> Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
> Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sence we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not."

Questions on

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

1. As to the time of its composition, with what group of comedies does this one belong?
2. What elements does it possess in common with these?
3. Where did Shakespeare derive suggestions for the play?
4. What are the speculations as to the occasion of the writing of this play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What celebration is approaching at the opening of the play?
6. How has Theseus wooed Hippolyta?
7. State the complaint against his daughter that Egeus brings to the Duke?
8. What penalty is threatened for the refusal of Hermia to obey her father?
9. Is there any particular differentiation in the characters of the two lovers?
10. Who is Helena, and what is the story of her love-affair?
11. What is the plan for flight of Hermia and Lysander? What does Helena propose in relation to it?
12. Has Sc. ii. been foreshadowed?
13. Mention the people here introduced and the characteristic attributes of each.
14. How has Shakespeare effected the removal of scene from the city?
15. Indicate the lines of action laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

16. Why were the fairies not introduced in the first Act?
17. How is Puck presented? Give the meaning of the epithet applied to him.
18. Explain his identity in English fairy lore.

19. Mention any lines to show how Shakespeare uses ideas of space and time in harmony with the diminutiveness of the fairies.

20. What is the cause of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania?

21. How does Shakespeare assign a supernatural origin to disturbances of nature?

22. How does he show the benevolent inclinations of the fairies?

23. Are these relationships of the natural and the supernatural to be regarded as indicating something of Shakespeare's philosophical creed, or to be interpreted, in the spirit of the play, as mere interesting fancies?

24. How does Oberon describe the fantasies with which he proposes to fill Titania's mind?

25. Though Puck blunders in his search for *the Athenian*, how does his mischievous nature exhibit itself in putting forth the charm on Lysander?

26. What is the dramatic function of the juice from the flower called *love-in-idleness*?

27. What complication is introduced at the end of the second Act?

ACT THIRD.

28. Describe the rehearsal of the play held by the mechanicals.

29. Do you see here anything satirical of the manner of stage representation in Shakespeare's time?

30. How does the dramatist enforce the value of imagination?

31. How has the transformation of Bottom been prepared for from the beginning of the play? Why is he the only one transformed?

32. What effect has this upon his companions? How does it affect himself?

33. How does Titania address Bottom when she awakens? What is the comic effect of her deception?

34. Compare, for comic effect, the directions Titania gives the attendants of Bottom with what Bottom himself says of the services he will ask of them.

35. How does Puck report Titania's awaking and infatuation?

36. Describe how the rival lovers desert Hermia and turn to Helena.

37. What view of the case does Helena take?

38. Explain the knot of complications as it is fully tied after the two lovers and the two ladies are introduced on the stage.

39. Show the difference between the origin of the misunderstandings in the men and in the women.

40. Compare this Scene with any scene of misunderstandings and cross-purposes in *The Comedy of Errors,* and tell wherein they differ.

41. How does Oberon direct Puck to manage the lovers so as to avert the quarrel?

42. Is the plot now brought to a climax? What will be the work of resolution?

ACT FOURTH.

43. Indicate what it is that makes the opening of the fourth Act, showing Bottom with the fairies, supremely comic.

44. What is Oberon's feeling at seeing Titania's infatuation, and how does he bring her infatuation to an end?

45. How is the resolution of the drama completely foretold? At what time do Theseus and Hippolyta enter the forest, and what is their errand there?

46. Is the spirit of this episode more English than Greek? Explain how.

47. What is the *rite of May*?

48. How does Demetrius effect the resolution of that part of the action concerning the lovers?

49. How does Theseus confirm and complete this resolution?

50. Describe Bottom's reflections on awaking.

51. Was Bottom overtaken with syncope? Show how Shakespeare has used some of the symptoms of this pathological case.

52. How does Sc. ii. advance the plot?

53. Is it a clever stroke of the asinine Bottom to assume that their play *is preferred*; or is there here an error of construction, since we hear in the fifth Act the discussion of Theseus and Philostrate over the program of plays and find them making a choice?

ACT FIFTH.

54. Explain the temper of the dialogue of Theseus and Hippolyta at the opening of the Act. What does it teach of their characters?

Questions

55. What, for instance, would Theseus have thought of Hamlet?

56. To what plays or poems do you find reference in the list of masques that Philostrate presents for Theseus's approval?

57. For what reason does Theseus select the play of the mechanicals? How does he justify this choice to Hippolyta?

58. What is the comic nature of the Prologue as Quince delivers it? How is he like the *great clerks* referred to by Theseus?

59. Define the kind of amusement that the Duke's company derive from the play of the mechanicals. Is it of the same nature as that felt by a spectator of Shakespeare's play?

60. What does Shakespeare say about plays in general and the spirit in which they should be viewed?

61. Contrast Hippolyta's intolerance of the play with the spirit shown by Theseus. Why does she ring the changes on Moon?

62. Describe the epilogue spoken by the fairies.

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63. Comment on three points of portrayal in this play—character, passion, dramatic movement.

64. What are the poetical qualities of the play?

65. Consider some details that make up the diversified world of the fairies, and comment on the burden laid upon the imagination in a stage representation.

66. What has Shakespeare himself supplied relative to a solution of this problem?

67. Compare and contrast Puck with Ariel. Which is the more lovable? Which the more interesting?

68. Summarize the traits that are possessed by Bottom. How is he a composite of parts of Dogberry and Malvolio?

69. Explain the mixture of national elements in this play. State some examples of anachronism. What national traits dominate the play?

70. Show the influence of this play upon the romantic revival at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century.

Love's Labor's Lost.

Act V Scene 2

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—" A Pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented *by W. Shakespere.* Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby.*" (Reproduced in photo-lithography by W. Griggs with forewords by Dr. Furnivall, Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 5.)

The Folio Edition of 1623—probably reprinted from the Quarto—gives on the whole a somewhat better text of the play, though in two or three instances the earlier Quarto is helpful in restoring correct readings; both editions are marked by carelessness; some of the errors are of singular interest as throwing light on Shakespeare's workmanship. The title-page of the Quarto indicates that the play as published in 1598 represents a revised version of an earlier production. Various attempts have been made to separate the earlier and later portions; the text of the Quarto and Folio gives us a valuable clue; Act IV. iii. 299-304, and Act V. ii. 827-832 are obviously parts of the first sketch of the play printed by mistake; had the proofs of Quarto 1 been carefully read these lines would most certainly have been deleted; the former passage represents the rough draft of the great speech in which they occur; the latter gave place to Rosaline's speech "*Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron*" (V. ii. 844-857). Probably a great part of the last Act has been re-written, especially the close of the play from the entrance of Mercade. Mr.

Spedding as far back as 1839 pointed out that the inequality in the length of the Acts gives us a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations; in Act I. Biron's remonstrance, and in Act IV. nearly the whole of the close and a few lines at the opening of the Act, may probably be classed with the passages already noted as belonging to Shakespeare's maturer work.

Date of Composition. All the recognized tests place *Love's Labour 's Lost* among the earliest of Shakespeare's regular plays: it may certainly be regarded as among the first of his comedies. External evidence bearing on the date is somewhat scanty; in addition to a mention of the play in *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, we have some lines by Robert Tofte in a poem entitled *Alba; or, the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover,* published the same year, wherein our play is referred to in words suggesting that it was not then a recent production:—"Love's Labour Lost I *once* did see." Similarly in a letter by Sir Walter Cope to Lord Cranborne (1604) similar mention is made of this as "an old play":—"Burbage is come and says there is no new play that the queen hath not seen, but they have revised an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost,* which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly."*

All this, however, adds little to the information given on the title-page of the first Quarto.

Dr. Grossart, in his edition of Robert Southwell, contends that certain lines, written about 1594, apply to the eyes of Christ the idea contained in Biron's speech in the fifth Act:—

> "O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
> The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell. . . ."

There is a valuable piece of confirmatory evidence for

* Tofte and others call the play *Love's Labour Lost*; it is doubtful whether the correct title is *Love's Labours Lost,* or *Love's Labour's Lost*; the apostrophe is found in the headline of Quarto I.

the early date of this play and its companion play "*Love's Labour Won*" (whatever this may have been) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act I. Sc. i. 29-33.

> "To be in *love,* what scorn is bought with groans . . .;
> If happy *won,* perhaps a hapless gain,
> If *lost* why then a grievous *labour's won.*"

General Characteristics. The metrical tests place *Love's Labour's Lost* first of the plays of the first (or rhyming) period; its lyrical character is perhaps its most noteworthy feature: it contains in its present state twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, and there can be little doubt that in its original form the proportion was even greater. In addition to three Sonnets and a Song* there is doggerel in abundance, as well as alternate rhymes and six-line stanzas; but throughout the play the *thought,* quite as much as the metrical form, reminds us that Shakespeare has not yet divorced his poetical from his dramatic genius. "The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron," Mr. Pater justly observes, "have something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

Among other marks of its early date are the following:—Its symmetrical arrangement of the characters; its introduction of the standing characters of the older plays ("the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy"); its quibbling, repartee, and word-play; its sketchy characterisation (Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice; Armado and Jaquenetta anticipate Touchstone and Audrey); the obvious influence of the Courtly dramas of John Lily. Finally, no other play gives us such glimpses into Shakespeare's youth; none has such delightful reminiscences of his child-life at

* Jaggard put two of the Sonnets and the Song into *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599; the Song was also printed with Shakespeare's name attached in *England's Helicon,* 1600.

Stratford: in more senses than one *Love's Labour's Lost* is "a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!"

The Plot. *Love's Labour's Lost* has the slightest of all Shakespeare's plots; it may be described as a drama of dialogue and satire; intrigue plays practically no part in it. It would seem, indeed, that Shakespeare's first comedy owed its main interest to topical allusions, no doubt readily understood by his audience. This topical character of the play explains its popularity in Elizabethan days, and its neglect in modern times. Mr. S. Lee (*Gentleman's Magazine,* 1880) has called attention to its quasi-historical frame-work, and its many references to contemporary events and personages:—(1) The leading element of the play refers to English volunteers, who, under Essex, had just joined Henry of *Navarre* in France. Note the name of the hero of the play; his associates are named after Navarre's generals; of these Biron was the best known and the most popular in England, and Shakespeare seems to have given us a life-like portraiture (in later years Chapman made him the hero of two of his plays); (2) the meeting of the King of Navarre and the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the King and Catherine de Medici in 1586 to settle disputes between Navarre and the reigning king, her son, "decrepit in mind and body"; (3) the references to Russian diplomacy; (4) the question of academies;* (5) "the ludicrous side of contemporary country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate"; (6) contemporary affectations of speech and dress.

It is customary to class all the extravagances of speech characteristic of the Elizabethan age as Euphuism; Shakespeare, however, carefully differentiates the pedantry of the New Learning, as exemplified by Holofernes; the fantastic extravagance of the Newer Learning, as exemplified by Armado; and the refined charm, the fascination, as well as the dangers, of the poetic diction of the age, as

* From this point of view and in other respects the play should be compared with its Victorian counterpart, Tennyson's *Princess.*

exemplified by Biron,—Shakespeare's own mouthpiece when he forswears his

> "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical."

Shakespeare may well be identified with his favourite character, and Biron's plea may well be taken as the poet's own:—

> "Yet have I a trick
> Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am sick;
> I'll leave it by degrees."

It is noteworthy that even "the fanatical phantasm" Armado was drawn from the life; he was a well-known character of the time, and Thomas Churchyard commemorated his death in a poem entitled "The Phantasticall Monarchoes Epitaph."

Certain critics have discovered in Holofernes a caricature of Florio, but there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule a distinguished scholar, to whose work he was indebted. The name Holofernes was possibly derived from Rabelais; Tubal Holophernes taught Gargantua his A B C: in his general characteristics he resembles Rombus, the schoolmaster, in Sidney's *The Lady of the May.*

The close of the play suggests that Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules.* Perhaps even the song at the end may justly remind one of the fact that in Chaucer's poem also the birds sing their song as they disperse, though Shakespeare's song, as far as its form is concerned, is a mediæval "debate." "The debate and strife between summer and winter" was imprinted by Laurence Andrews. "The pageant of the Nine Worthies" was a frequent subject of exhibition by the "base mechanicals" of country towns. "Divers play Alexander in the villages," observes Williams in his *Discourse of Warre,* 1590, "but few or none in the field."

Duration of Action. The action of the play lasts probably two days. Acts I. and II. cover the first day, Acts III. and IV. the second.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and three of his lords, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, forswear the society of women, and agree to lead austere lives, devoted to study, for three years. The court is barred against women by proclamation; and so stringent is the edict that Costard, a clown, who has been seen in company with Jaquenetta, a country wench, is ordered imprisoned for a week.

II. The Princess of France, with her ladies, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine, and other attendants approach the court of Navarre on an affair of state. Their contemplated visit had been discussed by the four gentlemen when the latter made their oath of retirement, and it had been agreed that the ladies must be received as befitted their station. The gentlemen, therefore, meet them courteously outside the gates, where the King causes pavilions to be erected for his royal guests, at the same time apologizing that an oath prevents their maintenance in Navarre.

III. Biron, who was the last to sign the oath, is the first to weaken. He falls in love with Rosaline, whom he had met before. He writes her a note and entrusts it for delivery to Costard, now at liberty. The clown has been freed by Armado, a Spaniard, in order that he may act as messenger for him to Jaquenetta.

IV. Costard gets the notes of the Spaniard and the nobleman confused, delivering Armado's missive to

Rosaline and Biron's to Jaquenetta. The Princess and her attendants derive much amusement from the Spaniard's fantastical message; while Jaquenetta, unable to decipher her letter, takes it to a schoolmaster, who, recognizing Biron's name, and being aware of the edict, sends her with it to the King.

Afterwards the King and his two other gentlemen respectively fall in love with the Princess and the two other ladies. Each lover being discovered by one or others of his friends in the act of writing love-verses, is obliged to make confession of his passion—to the great scorn of Biron. But his triumph is short-lived, for Jaquenetta arrives with his missent letter, and Biron is forced to admit his own shortcomings. Since all are forsworn, they plan to make war upon the hearts of their feminine visitors.

V. The ladies content themselves with the proffered hospitality outside the court. They pass their time in hunting and kindred outdoor pleasures. Presently all begin to receive letters and love-tokens from their several admirers, who visit them on one occasion in disguise. But the ladies, having got wind of their coming, also disguise themselves, and thus confuse the courtiers, so that each woos the wrong one and becomes the sport of her wit. The gentlemen retire and return in their proper habits, to find that the ladies have changed their favours, and to become dismayed at the blunders they commit. A masque is presented, and in the midst of it the Princess receives word of her father's death. She prepares for speedy departure. The King sues openly for her hand, and also seeks the hands of her three ladies on behalf of his friends. The Princess is not yet ready to yield, but bids them wait a twelvemonth and a day, and promises to give favourable answer at the expiration of that time, which is to be spent by the King in a hermitage, while she mourns her father. Her three ladies likewise impose a similar penance upon their lovers,

who see, for the moment at least, that their love's labour 's lost.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Two Sets of Characters.

We have already remarked upon the higher characters of this play as appearing to have been drawn rather from books than from life. They have little of the close compacting of living power, which so marks the Poet's delineations generally, and which naturally results in distinctive features and characteristic traits. We can scarce distinguish and remember them as individuals: they run together, as it were, in our thoughts, as being rather personified whimsicalities and affectations than affected and whimsical persons; are not fully cut out and rounded into severalty; but appear somehow too much like the same thing under several variations: in short, they affect us more as ingeniously-wrought figures and images of men and women, than as real men and women themselves; though we must confess that something of a determinate and specific individuality is given to Biron and Rosaline, so that we take up a more distinct impression and carry away a much clearer remembrance of them. Thus they differ from Shakespeare's other representations very much as a portrait taken from the life differs from a mere copy; which a practised eye will readily distinguish, without being told the facts. So that the play thus far almost reverses the Poet's general rule; the characters existing rather for the sake of the plot, than the plot for the sake of the characters; these being indeed mainly used as a sort of ground for the projecting and carrying on of a dramatic device. Thus the thing, at least in this part, is not so much a play as a show. Hence, perhaps, the comparatively little inter-

est that readers generally take in it: for a mere story or show is interesting only while it is new; whereas a work of art, a real expression of character and life, grows in interest as we grow more acquainted with it.

The other set of characters, however, especially Costard, Armado, and Moth, are of a very different stamp. Here the Poet was evidently feeding of the fruit that grows from observation, not "of the dainties that are bred in a book": here he is plainly at work in a vein where his eye and hand are at home; moulding his forms out of the materials amidst which his life has been passed and his thinking shaped. For whatsoever prototypes of Armado may be found in Italian comedies, there is no denying that Shakespeare constructed that "mighty potentate of nonsense" in the strength of a knowledge far more living and operative than could have been gained by mere reading. In this case only a Spanish name was given to an old English substance: Coleridge informs us that even in his time the character was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales. As for Holofernes the schoolmaster, and Sir Nathaniel the curate, those prodigious epicures of learned vocables, who "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," Shakespeare's age was just the time for such characters to be generated, and trained on into ludicrous perfection. The traits uppermost in them were but the natural working down of what was then a leading aim with the highest and wittiest in society—a continual effort to appear clever and spirited, to shine and entertain by talking out of the common way; so that "the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present." This straining after mental ornament, which so filled the palace and the cottage with every variety of small wit, was indeed a disease, and perhaps this play yields proof enough that Shakespeare viewed it as such: yet there is no telling how much it may have

had to do with the discipline, which taught Hooker to write the richest, noblest, most varied and musical prose style that has yet been written in the English tongue. Nor in our time, as perhaps in all times when learning is duly prized, is there wanting a class of men whose ordinary talk shows them to "have lived long on the alms-basket of words"; thus reversing the fine old maxim of Roger Ascham, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

III.

Thwarted by the Ladies.

The young King of Navarre with three of his knightly companions form the strange resolution of devoting three years to study and philosophy in strict seclusion from the world and especially from all female society. They have bound themselves by an oath to keep this engagement. Their resolution, however, is soon thwarted by the arrival of the beautiful Princess of France, accompanied by her ladies, who seeks an interview on urgent affairs of state, and therefore cannot be refused. All the champions of philosophy and seclusion fall in love with these ladies, who are as lovable as they are mischievous. Hereupon ensues a lively combat of wit and caprice, in which the knights either taunt and ridicule one another on account of their broken vow—trying at the same time to justify themselves, or seek to win their ladies' hearts; the latter, however, cleverly manage to defend themselves, outdo wit by wit, and satisfactorily punish the gentlemen for breaking a vow, as quickly renounced as it was foolishly made, and for their affectation of superior wisdom. . . . The fine and ever correct judgement of noble women, is here as triumphant as their great talent for social wit and

refined intrigue. The moral of the piece may be said to be contained in the speech of the Princess where she condemns the King to a twelvemonth's fast and strict seclusion, in the sense intimated above, and again in the words of Rosaline, in which she makes it a condition to the vain Biron—a man who boasts of the power of his mind and wit in social intercourse—that, to win her love he shall for a twelvemonth from day to day visit "the speechless sick" and "converse with groaning wretches," and, in order to exercise all the powers of his wit, demands of him "to force the pained impotent to smile." The end of the comedy thus, to a certain extent, returns to where it began.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IV.

The Humorous and the Artificial in Conflict.

There was a double unnaturalness in the scheme of the celibates, and the comic nemesis upon it is double. In the first place, it was an unnatural state of things as regarded their relations to one another, and they needed a mutual oath to support their resolution; accordingly, they attempt to conceal their lapses from one another, but are betrayed. In a superbly comic scene the four come one after another to a sequestered spot in the park, seeking a secret place where they may indulge in a recitation of the love-sonnet which each has composed to his mistress, believing himself to be the only offender; and each in turn hides as he sees his comrade coming on the same errand, hoping to surprise his fellow in an act of perjury, while he conceals his own. The last to arrive is so surprised by the third, when suddenly the second leaps out of ambush to confront the third, and then the first in his turn comes down upon the second. Nor has he enjoyed his triumph over the three long, when the arrival

of an intercepted letter reduces him to the level of his companions. Again, the celibate scheme of life was a violation of nature in reference to the ladies; and consequently there is a further nemesis of ridicule when the men break through their vow, after having urged it to their visitors by such overt means as keeping them outside the palace.

Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool . . .
Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

The celibates can recover their position only by entering into the humour of the circumstances which have turned against them. In the scene of their betrayal to one another, after a spirited attempt to brazen it out, they yield to the force of the situation, calling on Biron to give them reasons for the course they have resolved on, to cheat the devil after the sin has been committed; this he does in a mock pompous oration, after which they lay these glozings by, and set about wooing these girls of France. But they are not yet completely purged of their sin against humour, and resolve to cover their approach with an elaborate masque—another of the conventionalities of the age to be pilloried. This purpose unfortunately is overheard, and communicated to the ladies, who determine to disconcert it, solemnly turning their backs at the supreme moment of the compliment, and afterwards, in the more miscellaneous conversation, arranging to exchange masks, so that each courtier pours his adoration into the ear of the wrong mistress. The celibates fully recover their equality with their visitors only when they enter into the humour of their persecutors, and—hardest test of all—join in abuse of their spoiled pageants. Then the action reaches its climax in a prolonged cascade of humorous fireworks.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

V.

Armado as a Caricature.

Armado's bombast may probably be accepted as a not too extravagant caricature of the bombast of the period. Certain it is that the schoolmaster Rombus, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of the May*, addresses the Queen in a strain no whit less ridiculous than that of Holofernes. But what avails the justice of a parody if, in spite of the art and care lavished upon it, it remains as tedious as the mannerism it ridicules! And this is unfortunately the case in the present instance. Shakespeare had not yet attained the maturity and detachment of mind which could enable him to rise high above the follies he attacks, and to sweep them aside with full authority. He buries himself in them, circumstantially demonstrates their absurdities, and is still too inexperienced to realise how he thereby inflicts upon the spectator and the reader the full burden of their tediousness. It is very characteristic of Elizabeth's taste that, even in 1598, she could still take pleasure in the play. All this fencing with words appealed to her quick intelligence; while, with the unabashed sensuousness characteristic of the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, she found entertainment in the playwright's freedom of speech, even, no doubt, in the equivocal badinage between Boyet and Maria (IV. 1.).

As was to be expected, Shakespeare is here more dependent on models than in his later works. From Lyly, the most popular comedy-writer of the day, he probably borrowed the idea of his Armado, who answers pretty closely to Sir Tophas in Lyly's *Endymion*, copied, in his turn, from Pyrgopolinices, the boastful soldier of the old Latin comedy. It is to be noted, also, that the braggart and pedant, the two comic figures of this play, are

permanent types on the Italian stage, which in so many ways influenced the development of English comedy.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Holofernes and Shakespeare's School-days.

While the curate, Sir Nathaniel, is reading Biron's epistle, which "accidentally or by way of progression had miscarried," Holofernes, full of pedagogic self-importance, cannot resist airing at large his professional accomplishments. He accordingly breaks forth with a sounding line from the school author so dear to the pedantic mind:—

"*Fauste precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat* —and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:—

'—Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede ei non te pregia.'

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not."

Both poet and critic were, however, as usual, comparatively powerless against the pedants; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say the *vis inertiæ* of use and wont still kept the old Mantuan in his place as a favourite school author. . . . It would seem, however, that Shakespeare must have had some experience of the special exercises belonging to the higher forms, amongst others those of making Latin, of writing Latin epistles, themes, and verses. At least he represents Holofernes as criticising Biron's love sonnet according to the established stages and elements of progress in this department of school work. Two of the more important of these stages were technically known as imitation and invention, the lower exercise, or imitation, being preparatory to the higher and more independent effort re-

quired for invention. Imitation consisted in taking a passage from some author read in the class, and, while retaining the substance, altering the form. . . .

Keeping these different elements of the upper-school exercises in view, we can better understand the exact force and bearing of the criticism Holofernes volunteers on Biron's love verses. The pedant, it will be remembered, after airing his knowledge of the *Eclogues*, and giving forth the Italian proverb about Venice, had been impatiently humming to himself while the curate read the letter just delivered by Jaquenetta. At length, his patience being exhausted, he addresses himself directly to the reader: "Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his ——" Then, catching sight of the manuscript, he exclaims:—

"—What, my soul, verses?
"*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.
"*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse, *Lege, domine.*"

The curate having read the verses, the pedagogic habit is so inveterate with Holofernes that he cannot help coming the schoolmaster over even his mild-mannered and deferential companion. He complains that he has missed the necessary elisions, and not given the proper accent. "You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet." Then taking the paper into his hands he proceeds, with a frown of critical concentration and the outstretching of a didactic forefinger towards the offending document, to deliver his authoritative judgement:—

"Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention! *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider."

We can fancy Master Thomas Hunt in the ancient Stratford school-house reading amongst the exercises of

the higher forms one signed W. Shakespeare, but, unless he were exceptionally mole-eyed, hardly with the same result. The numbers might not indeed be perfectly ratified, as the boy's mastery over longs and shorts might be still defective. But the exercise, if marked by blemishes in the details of scholarship, could hardly be wholly wanting in facility, in flowers of fancy, and jerks of invention. However this may be, it seems clear from the extract that Shakespeare was familiar with the kind of exercise, as well as with the cut and dried scholastic principles according to which it was usually criticised.

BAYNES: *Shakespeare Studies.*

VII.

Biron.

The leading and predominance of Biron in the first scene continues all through the more elevated portion of the play, and is the key to the structure of the harmony. This character, in itself, is drawn with a vigour and spirit equal to anything we possess of Shakespeare's; his figure is fully relieved and attracts the eye and detains it, and gives centre and interest to the entire composition.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Berowne [Biron], the exponent of Shakspere's own thought, who entered into the youthful, idealistic project of his friends, with a satisfactory assurance that the time would come when the entire dream-structure would tumble ridiculously about the ears of them all—Berowne [Biron] is yet a larger nature than the Princess or Rosaline. *His* good-sense is the good-sense of a thinker and of a man of action. When he is most flouted and bemocked, we yet acknowledge him victorious and the master; and Rosaline will confess the fact by-and-by.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Of the celibates Biron has most sense of humour, especially seen in his ready appreciation of the arch-persecutor Boyet, and accordingly he always has the advantage over his fellows: he alone objects to the scheme at the outset, he is the last to be exposed in the discovery scene, and the first to enter into the spirit of the finale.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VIII.

Characterizations.

If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loth to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense; or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the schoolmaster, and their dispute after dinner, on "the golden cadences of poesy"; with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear without his fellow-courtiers and the king: and if we were to leave out the ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we must let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to "set a mark of reprobation on it." Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savours more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespear's time than of his own genius; more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the Muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature, or the fairy-land of his own imagination.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Both the characters and the dialogue are such as youthful talent might well invent, without much knowl-

edge of real life, and would indeed be likely to invent, before the experience and observation of varied society. The comedy presents a picture, not of the true everyday life of the great or the beautiful, but exhibits groups of such brilliant personages as they might be supposed to appear in the artificial conversation, the elaborate and continual effort to surprise or dazzle by wit or elegance, which was the prevailing taste of the age, in its literature, its poetry, and even its pulpit; and in which the nobles and beauties of the day were accustomed to array themselves for exhibition, as in their state attire, for occasions of display. All this, when the leading idea was once caught, was quite within the reach of the young poet to imitate or surpass, with little or no personal knowledge of aristocratic—or what would now be termed fashionable—society.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

Love's Labour's Lost is one of the earliest of Shakespere's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, display something of the monumental style of Shakespere's *Sonnets*, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connexion of *Love's Labour's Lost* with Shakespere's poems is further enforced by the actual insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with his practice in other plays, are inwoven into the argument of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humour; a laughter, often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakespere brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged

with the more cumbrous play: below the many artifices of Biron's amorous speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing"; and the lines in which Katharine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature. Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man!"—words which may remind us of Shakespere's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece does not conclude after the manner of other comedies:—

> "Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
> Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakespere strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the princess that the king her father is suddenly dead.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and schoolboy's observation might supply—the curate, the schoolmaster, the Armado (who even in my time was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales), and so on. The satire is chiefly on follies of words. Biron and Rosaline are evidently the pre-existent state of Benedict and Beatrice, and so, perhaps, is Boyet of Lafeu, and Costard of the Tapster in *Measure for Measure*; and the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth. True genius begins by generalizing and condensing; it ends in realizing and expanding. It first collects the seeds.

Yet if this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakespeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in *Love's Labour 's Lost*, though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!

I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly; yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the Middle Ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakespeare's times, when the English court was still the foster-mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation that would be deemed intolerable at present, but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political, and every dear domestic, interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

Love's Labour's Lost.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*
BIRON, }
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*
DUMAIN, }
BOYET, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*
MERCADE, }
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a constable.*
COSTARD, *a clown.*
MOTH, *page to Armado.*
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, }
MARIA, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE, }
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Navarre.*

Love's Labour's Lost.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

The King of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,— 10
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down 20
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves; 30
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside, 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please: 50
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's game be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights 90
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost, 100
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron, adieu. 110

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads*] 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been 120 proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk 130 with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain, 140
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn 150
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath, 160
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: 170
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport; 180
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more. 190
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both. 200
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those

three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, 210 is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention!

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. 220

King. [*Reads*] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [*Reads*] 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight! 230

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*Reads*] 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourish-

ment which is called supper; so much for the 240
time when. Now for the ground which;
which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy
park. Then for the place where; where, I
mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-
white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here
thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but
to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east
and by east from the west corner of thy curious-
knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited 250
swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads*] 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads*] 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King. [*Reads*] 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King. [*Reads*] 'sorted and consorted, contrary to 260
thy established proclaimed edict and continent
canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I
passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King. [*Reads*] 'with a child of our grandmother
Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet under-
standing, a woman. Him I, as my ever-
esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee,
to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet
grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good 270
repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. [*Reads*] 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard. 280

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel. 290

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water. 300

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was 310
taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent

epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty? 20

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood. 30

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 40

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. 50

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love? 60

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love. 70

Arm. O, well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four. 80

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red. 90

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, 100
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Armada und Jacquinetta

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad 110
some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. 120

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the 130
day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee. 140

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, 150 for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see? 160

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood,

if I love. And how can that be true love which 170
is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love
is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love.
Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an ex-
cellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,
and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft
is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too
much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first
and second cause will not serve my turn; the
passado he respects not, the duello he regards
not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his 180
glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust,
rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in
love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some ex-
temporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall
turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I
am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear, 10
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good Boyet, 20
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
[*Exit Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast, 40
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; 49
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch, 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? 80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. 99
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did I not dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire. 121
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; 130
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far 150
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word. 160
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart. 180
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be
glad to see it.
Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says 'ay.'
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No point, with my knife. 190

Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were
a shame. 200
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard.
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*
Biron. What 's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap. 210
Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*
Mar. That last is Biron the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships? 219
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I a pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes

I 'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed. 250
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French? 10

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, 20 like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.' 30

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove? 40

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and with-

out, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter. 50

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha! ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? 60

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd. 70

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy: no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve? 80

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 90

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
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Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

out, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter. 50

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha! ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? 60

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd. 70

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy: no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve? 80

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 90

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more? 100

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market. 110

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee. 120

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;

and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] 130
to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is re-
muneration; for the best ward of mine honour
is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!
[*Exit Moth.*
Now will I look to his remuneration. Re-
muneration! O, that's the Latin word for
three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.
—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'One
penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' 140
why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a
fairer name than French crown. I will never
buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well
met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may
a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. 150

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first. 160
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*
Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remu- 170
neration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid; 181
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! 190
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard: 200
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes, 30
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 40
Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit. 50
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet. [*Reads*] By heaven, that thou art fair, is most 60
infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth

itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar: for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; 100
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know? 110
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that 121
was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, 129
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl. 140

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! 150
Sola, sola!

[*Shout within.* [*Exit Costard, running.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest

unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud
credo for a deer. 20

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a
pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou
look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not
drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is
only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he. 30
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in
a school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman
Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no
more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-
score. 41
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket. 50

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; 60
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,

revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it. 70

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us. 80

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well. 90

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth 100
thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.
Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or
rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul,
verses?

Nath. Ay sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege,
domine.

Nath. [*Reads*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd. 111
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong, 120
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the
accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy,
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.
Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed,

Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 130

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with 140 the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, 150 very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine: where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on

my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; 160
where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our 169
recreation. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I 10
would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melan-

choly. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a 20 paper; God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.*

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. [*Reads*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make we weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel, 40
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!
Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so? 50
Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.
Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument, 60
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine: 70

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. 79
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. 90

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*Reads*]

On a day—alack the day!— 100
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn 110
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain, 120
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*Advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such; 130
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries; 140
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. 150
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see; 160
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain? 170
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme? 180
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither, 190
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it. 200
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone? 211
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline, 220
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light. 230
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn, 241
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack, 250
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair. 260
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away. 270
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead. 280
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto, 290
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face? 300
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow; 310
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out 320
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power, 330
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? 340
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire; 350
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves, 360
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France? 370

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted 380
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. 10

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call ab- 20

bominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve. 30

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee 40 for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear 50 his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit! 60

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou 70 shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled 80 from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her

pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure you. 90

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import, indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 100 110

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertain-

ment of time, some show in the posterior of this 120
day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,— 130

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is 140
the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word 150
all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

[*Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; a' killed your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too; 30
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 40
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 50

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go: 60
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! 81
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; 90
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before; 110

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do 't come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 120
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpet sounds within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the mask-
ers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames. 160
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—
Boyet. True; out indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet; 170
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!
[*Exit Moth.*
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they? 180
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told. 190
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt. 200
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change,
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange. 210
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends: 220
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three. 231
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so! Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you, 240
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things. 261
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces? 271
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! 280
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, 290
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised, 300
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty 311
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet: 330

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalë's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou
now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive. 340
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me: and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late. 361

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word. 370
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they 'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 390

Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest, 410
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, ' Lord have mercy on us ' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent, 460
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you [*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: 490
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for 500 mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.* 510

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded make most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth. 520

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we 530

will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five. 540

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee. 550

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.' 560

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd.. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander. 570

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown

Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! 580 run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires*. There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, 590
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus. 600

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face. 610
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved bone-face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. 620
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. 630
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain. 640
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!— 650
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when 660 he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dumain*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,— 670

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey 680 that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly 690 than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the 700
combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance. 710
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father— 720
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little

hole of discretion, and I will right myself like
a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay. 730

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks 740
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 750
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents: 760
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities, 770
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love; 780
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves. 790

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs 800
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut 810
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me? 820

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day 830
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I 'll stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me; 840
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, 850

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 860

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit, 870
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, 880
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show. 890
King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight, 900
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree, 910
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

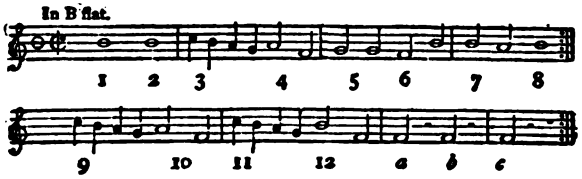
WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, 920
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; 930
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A', he; V. ii. 13.
Abate, deduct, leave out, except, *vide Novum*; V. ii. 545.
Academe, Academy; I. i. 13.
Address'd, prepared; II. i. 83.
Affection, affectation; V. i. 4.
Affect, adore; I. ii. 166.
Affect the letter, use alliteration; IV. ii. 56.
Affects, affections, inclinations; I. i. 152.
Ajax; probably used with a play upon *a jakes*, a well-known coarse joke of the time; V. ii. 579.
All hid, the children's cry in the game of "hide and seek"; IV. iii. 77.
Allow'd, privileged (as a fool); V. ii. 478.
An if, if (emphatic); I. i. 50.
Annothanize (so Folio 1 and Quartos; the other Folios, "anatomize"), probably Armado's rendering of "anatomize"; IV. i. 68.
Antique, antic; V. i. 113.
Apple of her eye; "upon the a." = "in obedience to her glance"; V. ii. 475.
Art, science; "living art," *i.e.* "immortal science"; I. i. 14.
Ates, mischiefs, instigations (Até, the goddess of mischief that incited to bloodshed); V. ii. 687.
Bandied; vide Set.
Bargain; "to sell a bargain" seems to have consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself a fool; III. i. 101.
Base, mean, mere; I. i. 87.
Bate, blunt; I. i. 6.
Beg; "you cannot beg us," *i.e.* you cannot prove us to be idiots and apply to be our guardians; you cannot beg the wardship of our persons and property; V. ii. 490.
Ben venuto, welcome (Italian); IV. ii. 160.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; V. ii. 46.
Betime, betide, chance; IV. iii. 381.
Bias, preponderant tendency (originally a term in bowling); IV. ii. 112.
Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; IV. iii. 22.
Blood; "in blood," used technically in the sense of "in full vigour"; IV. ii. 3.
Bold of, confident in; II. i. 28.
Bombast, padding (cotton used to stuff out garments); V. ii. 783.
Brawl, a kind of dance, "wherein many (men and



A Brawl. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*)

women) holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together"; III. i. 9. (See the accompanying example.)

Breathed, endowed with breath, vigorous; V. ii. 653.

Button-hole; "let me take you a b. lower," *i.e.* "let me speak without ceremony"; V. ii. 699.

Butt-shaft, a kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts,* or targets; I. ii. 175.

Can, did; an old corruption of "gan" (*cp.* the version printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*), with which word it was frequently confused; IV. iii. 105.

Canary, to dance the canary, a fantastic savage dance, said to have been brought from the Canary Islands; III. i. 12. (See Specimen.)

Capon, used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter; "break up this capon," *i.e.* "open this letter; IV. i. 56.

Career, encounter of knights at full gallop; V. ii. 482.

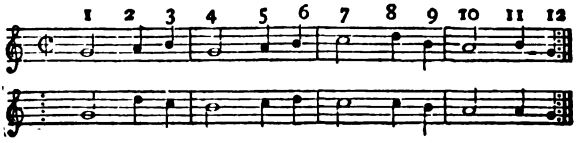
Carve, to show amorous courtesy; V. ii. 323.

Caudle, a warm drink of gruel with wine and spice added, often given to the sick; IV. iii. 173.

Cause, used in the technical sense of "cause of quarrel"; I ii. 178.

Chapmen, sellers; II. i. 16.

Charge-house, a school-house, not found elsewhere; printed "charg-house" in Fol. 1 and Q. 1; perhaps = "church-house" as pronounced by



A Canary. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*)

Armado: "charter-house," "large-house," etc., have been suggested; V. i. 82.

Chose, choice, well-chosen; V. i. 92.

Chuck, a term of endearment; V. i. 111.

Circum circa (Quartos and Folios "unum cita," emended by Theobald), round and round; V. i. 68.

Cittern-head; "the cittern had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board"; V. ii. 612. (See Illustration at end of Glossary.)

Claws, scratches in a pleasing manner, humours, flatters; IV. ii. 65.

Clean timbered, well-made, faultlessly shaped; V. ii. 638.

Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim; IV. i. 136.

Cockled, enclosed in a shell; IV. iii. 337.

Codpiece, part of the male dress of the period; III. i. 185.

Cog, deceive; V. ii. 235.

Colourable colours, specious pretexts; IV. ii. 152.

Common sense, ordinary sight, or perception; I. i. 57, 64.

Competitors, associates; II. i. 82.

Complements, accomplishments, probably with the idea of "formal accomplishments," "external shows"; I. i. 169.

Complexion, temperament, disposition (used quibblingly); I. ii. 81.

Compliment, formality; IV. ii. 146.

Conceit's, thought's; II. i. 72.

Concolinel, probably the beginning or burden of a song; III. i. 3.

Consent, compact; V. ii. 460.

Contempts = contents; I. i. 191.

Converse of breath, conversation; V. ii. 737.

Convince, overcome; V. ii. 748.

Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 4.

Corner-cap, the biretta, or three-cornered cap of a Roman Catholic priest; IV. iii. 52.

Corporal of the field, an officer similar to our aide-de-camp; III. i. 188.

Couplement, couple (used by Armado); V. ii. 532.

Coursing, chasing; IV. iii. 1.

Courtesy, curtsy; I. ii. 62.

Crabs, crab-apples; V. ii. 928.

Crack, boast; IV. iii. 267.

Crest, badge; "beauty's crest becomes the heavens well" (*i.e.* the brightness which is the badge of beauty); IV. iii. 255.

Critic, carper; III. i. 177.

Critic, cynical; "critic Timon," the misanthrope *par excellence*; IV. iii. 169.

Crosses, used quibblingly in the sense of money; many old coins were marked with a cross on one side; I. ii. 33.

Cuckoo-buds, probably the buttercup, or the bud of the cowslip; the name is now given to the meadow cress; V. ii. 899.

Curious-knotted, elaborately laid out in knots, intricately-devised beds in which flowers were planted; I. i. 249.

Curst, shrewish; IV. i. 36.

Dancing-horse; an allusion to a famous performing horse often alluded to by contemporary writers as "Bankes' horse," and here illustrated; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600 (*cp.* Chambers's *Book of Days*); I. ii. 52.

From "Maroccus Extaticus or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance" (1595).

Day-woman, dairy-woman; I. ii. 132.

Dazzling, being dazzled; "who dazzling so," *i.e.* "that when he has his eye made weak" (by fixing it upon a fairer eye); I. i. 82.

Dear, used intensitively ("dear groans"); V. ii. 867.

Dearest, best; II. i. 1.

Debate, contest; I. i. 174.

Depart, to part; II. i. 147.

Dictynna (Dictisima, Dictissima, Dictima, in Folios and Quartos), one of the names of Diana; IV. ii. 37, 38.

Digression, transgression; I. ii. 115.

Disgrace, disfigurement; I. i. 3.

Disposed, inclined to be somewhat wantonly merry; II. i. 250.

Dominical, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes the Lord's day; "red d. my golden letter" referring to the fashionable colour of Katherine's hair; V. ii. 44.

Doubt; "made a d." = "expressed a fear"; V. ii. 101.

Dry-beaten, cudgelled; V. ii. 263.

Epitheton, epithet (used by Armado); I. ii. 14.

Extemporal, unpremeditated; I. ii. 183.

Fadge, turn out well; V. i. 148.

Fair, beauty; IV. i. 17.

Fairings, presents (originally the nick-nacks bought at fairs); V. ii. 2.

Familiar, familiar spirit, demon; I. ii. 171.

Fasting, hungry; IV. iii. 121.

Favour, leave, pardon; III. i. 68.

Favour, a present, token of love; V. ii. 30; with a quibble on "favour" = "face"; V. ii. 33.
Festinately, quickly; III. i. 6.
Fierce, ardent; V. ii. 857.
Filed, polished; V. i. 12.
Fire-new, brand-new; I. i. 179.
Fitted, equipped; II. i. 45.
Flap-dragon, a small substance set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming; V. i. 43.
Flask, a powder-flask; V. ii. 617.
Fleer'd, laughed; V. ii. 109.
Force, to care; V. ii. 440.
Form, bench, used quibblingly; I. i. 209.
Fortuna de la guerra (Spanish), fortune of war (used by Armado); V. ii. 531.
Frame, order; III. i. 192.

Gallows, used playfully for a mischievous knave (*cp.* wag = wag-halter); V. ii. 12.
Gelded, maimed; II. i. 149.
Gentility, good manners (Theobald conjectured "garrulity") I. i. 129.
Get the Sun; in the days of archery it was an advantage to get the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy; IV. iii. 368.
Gig, a kind of top; IV. iii. 166. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Glozes, sophistries; IV. iii. 369.
God dig-you-den, i.e. "God give you good evening"; IV. i. 42.
Greasily, grossly; IV. i. 139.

From the MS. of the Roman d'Alexandre in the Bodleian Library.

Guards, trimmings, ornaments; IV. iii. 57.

Half-check, profile; V. ii. 618.
Hands; "of all hands" = "in any case"; IV. iii. 218.
Hat penthouse-like; III. i. 17. (*Cp. Pent-houselike.*)
Hay, an old country-dance; V. i. 156.
Head; "a buck of the first head" = "a buck of the fifth year"; IV. ii. 10.
Heed, protection, lodestar; I. i. 82.
Hereby, used by Jaquenetta in the sense of "as it may happen"; Armado takes it to mean "close by"; I. ii. 135.
Hid, vide "All hid."
Hight, is called; I. i. 171.
Hind, boor, peasant (with a quibble on "hind," the beast; hence "rational hind"); I. ii. 117.

From an illustration in the "Musarum Deliciæ."

Hobby-horse, one of the principal characters in the old Morris-dance, but growing out of use after the Reformation; "The hobby-horse is forgot" was a well-known quotation from some popular ballad ("But O," or "For O," preceded; *cp.* ***Hamlet,*** III. ii. 142); III. i. 30.

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Muesum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

From a specimen (*temp.* Charles I.) in the Bateman Museum.

Home, a home thrust; V. i. 59.
Honorificabilitudinitatibus, a word often cited as a typical long word; V. i. 42.
Horn-book, leaf of paper containing alphabet, etc., protected by a thin layer of horn or other transparent substance; applied also to an *a b c* tablet without horn; V. i. 46. (See illustration opposite.)
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 176.

Imp, youngster; V. ii. 590.
Incision, blood-letting; IV. iii. 96.
Incony, nice, smart; III. i. 135.
Inkle, tape; III. i. 139.
Insanie (Folios and Quartos, infamie), insanity, madness; V. i. 126.
Intellect, signature; IV. ii. 136.
Inward, confidential; V. i. 96.
It, used with general reference to a plural substantive preceding; I. i. 23.

Jaques (dissyllabic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare); II. i. 42.
Joan, common designation for a peasant girl; III. i. 206.
Judas was hang'd on an elder; V. ii. 608. (See illustration.)

From an early black-letter edition of Maundeville's *Travels*.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth (used by Armado); I. ii. 8.

Keel, to cool by stirring, or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling over; V. ii. 923.
Kersey, a coarse woollen stuff; V. ii. 413.
Kingly-poor (not hyphened in Folios and Quartos); "K. flout" = (?) "poor mockery of a king," or "poor mockery given with the airs of royalty" ("poor-liking," "poor kingly," have been suggested); V. ii. 269.

Lady-smocks, probably the flowers of the *Cardamine*

Pratensis, so called from the resemblance of its flowers to little smocks hung out to dry; or perhaps the name is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock"; V. ii. 898.

Lances, lancers; V. ii. 644.

Last, continue, remain, "l. love," *i.e.* "continue to be love"; V. ii. 806.

L'envoy, often used at this period with the article or pronoun prefixed, hence "thy l'envoy"; III. i. 73.

Libbard's, leopard's; V. ii. 549.

Lie, lodge; I. i. 149.

Liver-vein, the style and manner of men in love; IV. iii. 73.

'Long of, owing to; II. i. 119.

Loose, losing of the shaft; V. ii. 744.

"*Lord have mercy on us*," the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected with the plague; V. ii. 419.

Loves, affects; IV. iii. 357.

Magnificent, pompous; III. i. 179.

Mail, bag (the Quartos and Folio 1 read: "in the male"; Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation "in them all" has been adopted by many editors); III. i. 74.

Malmsey, a kind of sweet wine; V. ii. 233.

Manage, government, training (of horses); V. ii. 482.

Manager, one who wields arms; I. ii. 182.

Manner, a law term (= mainour); "taken with the m.," *i.e.* "taken with the thing stolen upon him"; I i. 205.

Mantuan, Giovanni Battista Spagnoli, named Mantuanus, was the author of certain eclogues written in Latin, which were read in schools; Holofernes quotes the first line of the first eclogue; IV. ii. 96.

Margent, margin (an allusion to the custom of writing notes in the margin of books); II. i. 246.

Market; "he ended the market," alluding to the proverb, "three women and a goose make a market"; III. i. 110.

Mean, tenor; V. ii. 328.

Measure, a stately dance; V. ii. 187.

Mere, absolute; I. i. 149.

Mess, a set of four; "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours"; IV. iii. 206.

Mete at, to measure with the eye in aiming, to aim at; IV. i. 134.

Metheglin, a drink made of honey and water fermented; V. ii. 233.

Minstrelsy, the office of a minstrel; I. i. 177.

Misprision, misapprehension; IV. iii. 97.

Monarcho, the name of a fantastic Italian resident in London; often alluded to by contemporary writers; IV. i. 101.

Native, produced by nature; I. ii. 105.
New-fangled, delighting in novelty; I. i. 106.
Nice, coy; V. ii. 219.
Nit, applied to anything very small; IV. i. 150.
Novi hominem, etc. ("I know the man as well I do you"), a well-known sentence in the Latin phrase-books; V. i. 10.
Novum, a game at dice, "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five"; "abate throw at n." = "except in a throw at novum the whole world could not furnish five such"; V. ii. 545.

O'erparted, overweighted in his part, or *rôle*; V. ii. 586.
Of, during; I. i. 43.
Opinion, self-conceit; V. i. 6.
O's, the marks left by the small-pox; V. ii. 45.

Parcel, company, party; V. ii. 160.
'Paritors, apparitors, *i.e.* inferior officers of the bishop's court, whose duty it was to serve citations; III. i. 187.
Parle, parley; V. ii. 122.
Passado, thrust in fencing; I. ii. 179.
Passion, grieve; I. i. 263.
Passion's, sorrows; V. ii. 118.
Patch, used with a quibble on "patch" in the sense of fool; IV. ii. 32.
Pathetical, seemingly used by Armado and Costard in the sense of "pleasing in a high degree," "touching"; I. ii. 97; IV. i. 150.
Pedant, pedagogue; III. i. 178.
Penance, misused by Dull; I. ii. 128.
Pencils, small brushes used by painters to lay on colour; "ware pencils" = "beware of pencils," *i.e.* "of drawin; likenesses"; V. ii. 43.
Penthouse-like, hanging over like a penthouse, a porch with a sloping roof; III. i. 17. (*Cp. Hat penthouse-like.*)
Peremptory, unawed, bold; IV. iii. 225.
Perjure, perjurer (perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offence); IV. iii. 47.
Perttaunt-like, *vide* Note.
Phantasime, a fantastic; IV. i. 101.
Pia mater, the membrane which covers the brain, used for the brain itself; IV. ii. 71.
Picked, over-refined; V. i. 14.
Pied, variegated; V. ii. 897.
Pin, the wooden pin that upheld the clout; IV. i. 138.
Pitched a toil, set a net; IV. iii. 2.
Plackets, stomachers, or petticoats, or some portion of female attire; III. i. 185.
Please-man, pickthank; V. ii. 463.
Point, suggest; II. i. 245.

Point, used with a quibble on the French negative particle; II. i. 190.
Point-devise, over exact, precise; V. i. 19.
Pole, the long quarter-staff, in the use of which the northerners were skilful; V. ii. 693.
Pomewater, a kind of apple; IV. ii. 4.
Present, document to be presented; IV. iii. 188.
Pricket, a buck of the second year; IV. ii. 12.
Print; "in p.," *i.e.* "accurately"; III. i. 172.
Priscian; "P. a little scratched," alluding to the common phrase *diminuas Prisciani caput,* applied to such as speak false Latin; V. i. 29.
Prisons up (Folios and Quartos, "poisons up"), confines; "up" used as an intensive particle; IV. iii. 304.
Proceeded, used with a play upon "proceed" as an academical sense, *i.e.* "to take a degree"; I. i. 95.
Pruning, adorning; IV. iii. 182.
Push-pin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately; IV. iii. 168.

Qualm, probably used with a play upon "calm"; V. ii. 279.
Quillets, casuistries; IV. iii. 287.
Quote, regard; V. ii. 788.

Raught, reached; IV. ii. 41.
Reasons, arguments; V. i. 2.
Remember; "r. thy courtesy," a common phrase of the time, bidding a person who had courteously taken off his hat to put it on again; V. i. 97.
Repasture, repast, food; IV. i. 95.
Resolve, answer; II. i. 110.
Respects, considerations; V. ii. 784.
Rhetoric, II. i. 229.
Russet, homespun (commonly of russet colour); V. ii. 413.

Saint Denis, the patron saint of France; V. ii. 87.
Salve, ointment; III. i. 73; used perhaps with a quibble on Latin *salve,* a word of greeting, and sometimes also a parting salutation; III. i. 82.
Satis quod sufficit, "enough's as good as a feast"; V. i. 1.
Saw, maxim; V. ii. 925.
Self-sovereignty; "not a sovereignty *over,* but *in,* themselves"; or perhaps one should read "that self-sovereignty," *i.e.* "that self-same s."; IV. i. 36.
Set, i.e. a set at tennis; "to bandy" (*cp.* "well-bandied both") = to send the ball to and fro; V. ii. 29.
Several (used quibblingly) = an enclosed field, the private property of an individual, as opposed to a common, which was used by the public generally; II. i. 223.

Shapeless, unshapely, ugly; V. ii. 303.
Shrewd, mischievous; V. ii. 12.
Shrows, shrews; V. ii. 46.
Significant, symbol (used by Armado); III. i. 130.
Simplicity, silliness; V. ii. 78.
Sit out, not to take part (an expression derived from the card-table); I. i. 110.
Skipping, frivolous, flighty; V. ii. 763.
Slop (the Quartos and Folios, "shop," corrected by Theobald), usually used only in the plural = large loose trousers; IV. iii. 58.
Small, the small of the leg; V. ii. 641.
Sneaping, snipping; I. i. 100.
Snuff, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by a snuffing of the nose, resentment; "to take in snuff" = "to take offence"; V. ii. 22.
Solémniséd; II. i. 42.
Sore, a deer of the fourth year; IV. ii. 59.
Sorel, a deer of the third year; IV. ii. 61. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Sorted, associated; I. i. 260.
Spleen, sudden impulse; fit of laughter; V. ii. 117.
Squier, square, foot-rule; "to know my lady's foot" = "to know her humours exactly"; V. ii. 474.
Stand, used technically for hunter's station; IV. i. 10.
Staple, thread, pile; V. i. 19.
State, attitude; IV. iii. 184.

From a late MS. of the "Master of the Game," in the British Museum (Bibl. Reg. 17A. lv.).

States, estates; V. ii. 425.
Statute-caps, woollen caps, which by Act of Parliament in 1571 were worn by the citizens of London on Sundays and holidays; V. ii. 281.

From Foxe's *Ecclesiastical History* (1576).

Stoop, (?) crooked, or perhaps used as a substantive; IV. iii. 88.
Sue, used equivocally for (1) to prosecute, and (2) to beg, entreat; V. ii. 427.
Suggested, tempted; V. ii. 772.
Suggestions, temptations; I. i. 159.

Suitor, spelt "shooter" in the Folios and Quartos, for the sake of the quibble; IV. i. 110.

Swound (spelt "sound" in old eds.), swoon; V. ii. 392.

Taffeta, a rich, smooth stuff of silk (perhaps used for the ladies' masks); V. ii. 159.

Talent, used quibblingly with a play upon "talon"; IV. ii. 65.

Teen, grief; IV. iii. 164.

Tharborough = thirdborough constable; I. i. 185.

Thin-belly; "t. doublet," opposed to "great-bellied doublet," the lean belly being characteristic of a man in love; III. i. 19.

Thrasonical, boastful (derived from the character of Thraso in Terence's *Eunuchus*); V. i. 13.

Three-piled, superfine; V. ii. 407.

Tired, attired, clothed in trappings; IV. ii. 130.

To, compared to; II. i. 63.

Toy, trifle; IV. iii. 200.

Trencher-knight, serving-man; V. ii. 464.

Treys, threes (as in dice and card-playing); V. ii. 232.

Triumviry, triumvirate; IV. iii. 52.

Troyan, Trojan (used often as a term of contempt); V. ii. 636.

Tumbler's hoop (*cp.* accompanying illustration); III. i. 189.

From a print by H. Cock (1565), after a design by Breughel.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iii. 211.

Tyburn, the usual place of execution in London; "*the shape of Love's Tyburn,*" alluding to the triangular form of the gallows (here illustrated); IV. iii. 53.

From an old black-letter ballad entitled "The Royall Subjects Warning-Piece to all Traytors."

Unconfirmed, ignorant; IV. ii. 19.

Unhappy, roguish; V. ii. 12.
Unpeeled (the reading of Q. 1; the Folios, "unpeopled"), stripped, desolate; II. i. 88.
Usurping, counterfeit, false; IV. iii. 258.

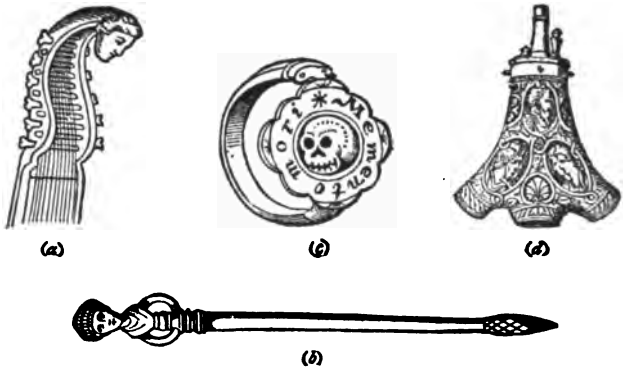
Vailing, letting fall; V. ii. 297.
Veal; used by way of punning as the pronunciation of "well" among Dutchmen (*i.e.* Germans); according to others the word alluded to is "Viel," in the phrase "zu viel" (too much), but this seems doubtful; the joke occurs elsewhere, with a play upon "well"; V. ii. 247.
Venue, a single hit; a fencing term; V. i. 58.
Via, an Italian adverb of encouragement; used here probably for *di via* (*i.e.* "say on," "speak out!"); V. i. 150.
Volable (Folios, Q. 1, *voluble*), nimble-witted; III. i. 67.

Ward, guard; III. i. 133.
Ware, beware of; V. ii. 43.
Wax, grow (with a quibble on "sealing-wax"), alluding to previous line; V. ii. 10.
Week; "he were but in by the week," a cant phrase, probably derived from the hiring of servants, = if I had him at my command; if he were deep in love; V. ii. 61.
Weigh, used equivocally for (1) to be equivalent to in weight, and (2) to care for; V. ii. 26, 27.
Well advised, sane, in right mind; V. ii. 434.
Whale's bone (*i.e.* whalēs bone), the tooth of the walrus; V. ii. 332.
Where, whereas; II. i. 103.
Whitely (Quartos and early Folios, "whitly"), misspelling of "wightly," *i.e.* "wimble" (Rosaline was a brunette, and the strange epithet "whitely" seems inappropriate); III. i. 197.
Wimpled, blindfolded; III. i. 180.
Wink, to shut the eyes; I. i. 43.
Wit-old, used with a quibble on "wittol" (= a cuckold); V. i. 62.
Woodcocks, fools; the woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became the emblem of stupidity; IV. iii. 81.
Woolward, with the wool next to the skin; V. ii. 710.
Wort, a sweet, unfermented beer; V. ii. 233.
Wreathed, folded; IV. iii. 134.

Ycliped, yclept (introduced for a play upon "clipt"); V. ii. 600.
Years; "in years" = "into wrinkles"; V. ii. 465.

Zany, buffoon; V. ii. 463.
Zenelophon (so the Folios or Quartos; the name in the old ballad is "Penelophon," which is the form substituted here in many editions); IV. i. 65.

'A Cittern head'; V. ii. 614. *'The head of a bodkin; 'A Death's face in a ring'; 'The carved-bone face on a flask.'*



(*a*) Cittern head, from Mersenne's Harmonie Universille (1636).
(*b*) Bodkin, from a specimen found in a Roman cemetery at Mayence.
(*c*) Ring, from a specimen belonging to the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.
(*d*) Flask, from a specimen belonging to M. Sauvageot (Paris).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

There is no list of 'Dramatis Personæ' in the Quartos and Folios: it should be remembered that 'Biron' is spelt 'Berowne,' rhyming with 'moon' in Act IV. iii. 232; 'Moth' was probably pronounced 'Mote' (*cp.* the quibble on 'nothing' in *Much Ado,* II. iii. 59, and on 'Goths' in *As You Like It,* III. iii. 9); 'Mercade' is generally 'Marcade'; 'Armado' is sometimes given as 'Armatho'; 'Boyet' rhymes with 'debt' in V. ii. 334; 'Longaville' with 'ill' in IV. iii. 123, and with 'mile' in V. ii. 53.

I. i. 62. '*feast*'; Quartos and Folios, '*fast,*' corrected byTheobald.

I. i. 82. '*Who dazzling so*'; "that when he *dazzles,* that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a *fairer* eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed,* his direction or *lodestar,* and give him light that was blinded by it" (Johnson).

I. i. 104. '*Any abortive*'; the reading of the Quartos and Folios; probably an error for 'an,' as corrected by Pope.

I. i. 106. '*shows*'; Theobald substituted 'earth' for the sake of the rhyme; Walker proposed '*mirth.*' Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 104.

I. i. 108-109. '*So you to study . . . little gate*'; this is one of the instances where the reading of the first Quarto is better than that of the Folio:—

> '*So you to studie now it is too late,*
> *That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.*'

Various emendations have been proposed; the only real difficulty is in the loose use of the word '*so.*' Biron says that he likes of each thing that in season grows; 'so' presupposes, however, some statement to this effect; 'to wish for, or to do, a thing out of season is huge folly'; *so* you, now that it is too late to study, climb o'er the house, etc.

I. i. 185. '*Tharborough*'; the reading of the Quarto. '*farborough,*' probably gives us Dull's actual pronunciation of his office.

I. i. 196. '*heaven,*' so Quartos and Folios. Theobald proposed '*having*'; whatever may be the exact force of the phrase, it seems most probable that '*heaven*' is the right word, and no emendation is necessary.

I. ii. 89. '*A green wit*'; a probable allusion, according to the Cambridge editors, to the 'green withes' with which Samson was bound (*cp.* note *supra* on pronunciation of 'Moth').

I. ii. 109. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* may be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. i. 45. '*Well fitted in arts*'; the second Folio inserts 'the,' omitted in the earlier editions.

II. i. 114-128. The speakers in Quarto 1 are 'Berowne' and 'Katharine.'

II. i. 129. Shakespeare may have got a hint for this passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles,* according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns (*vide Shakespeare's Library,* ed. Hazlitt, Part I. Vol. i).

II. i. 238. '*Impatient to speak and not see,*' *i.e.* 'not able to endure merely the faculty of speech without that of sight.'

III. i. 21. 'It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety' (Steevens).

IV. i. 1-4. These lines, as Spedding pointed out, were most probably introduced in the corrected copy. "It was thus that Shakespeare learnt to shade off his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage."

IV. i. 146. '*Armado o' th' one side*'; the reading is due to Rowe; the first Quarto has '*Armatho ath toothen side,*' and the Folio '*Armathor ath to the side.*' Possibly the whole passage from '*O my troth . . . nit*' should have been printed in the previous scene, after line 136, and some editors make the transposition.

IV. ii. 42. '*The allusion holds in the exchange,*' *i.e.* 'the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain.'

IV. ii. 62. '*one sorel*'; the first Quarto has '*o sorell,*' and the

Folios '*O sorell*'; Capell proposed '*O sore L*,' which is generally adopted.

IV. ii. 98, 99. The first Quarto and Folio give the following reading:—

'*Vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*';

the reading adopted by the Cambridge editors is from Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591), whence Shakespeare probably took it.

IV. ii. 122. '*apostrophas*'; this is taken by some editors to refer to the apostrophes in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (ll. 109, 111), and the words are accordingly printed '*vowed*' and '*bowed*'; this interpretation seems unsatisfactory, but so far nothing better has been advanced. Does not Holofernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read:—

'*That singës heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.*'

It was usual to mark *es* with two dots when sounded: Holofernes may mean by '*apostrophas*,' '*diæreses*.' The poem is printed with a few variant readings (*e.g.* '*to sing*') in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, where also are found ll. 59-72 and ll. 100-119 of the next scene, also with some interesting points of difference.

IV. iii. 15, 16. '*melancholy*'; it is noteworthy that Quartos and Folios real *mallichollie*; this form may have been due to the author; it explains Mistress Quickly's *allicholly*. *Mallicholly* seems to be an authentic Middle English form of the word; it should perhaps be retained in the text.

IV. iii. 107. '*Wish*,' so the Quartos and first Folio; in the *Passionate Pilgrim* '*wish'd*'; similarly in line 112 '*thorn*' is due to the version printed in *England's Helicon*: the other editions read '*throne*.' Rowe first proposed the change.

IV. iii. 141. The second Folio omits *one*. Walker's suggestion '*One's*' makes the line rhythmic.

IV. iii. 145. '*Faith infringed*,' the reading of the Quartos and the Folio; '*faith so infringed*' seems the most satisfactory emendation proposed.

IV. iii. 165. '*a gnat*,' perhaps alluding to the fact that it sings, as it flies. Biron refers probably to the King's sonnets.

IV. iii. 175. '*men like you, men of inconstancy*'; S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1, Quarto 2: '*men, like men of inconstancy*.'

IV. iii. 247. '*wood*'; Quartos and Folios read '*word*.'

IV. iii. 254. '*Suit of night*'; the early editions, '*school*'; '*scowl*,' '*stole*,' '*soul*,' '*scroll*,' '*seal*,' '*shade*,' have been proposed

by various scholars; most probably, as the Cambridge editors suggest, '*school*' is an error for '*shoote,*' *i.e. suit,* though they retain the former reading.

IV. iii. 300. '*prisons*'; Theobald's emendation of '*poysons.*' Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 29. In Quarto and Folio the line reads:—

'*Bome boon for boon priscian,* a little scratcht 'twil serve.'

V. i. 127. Capell proposed '*or*' for '*and*'; the passage is evidently corrupt.

V. ii. 67. '*perttaunt-like*'; this word is the *crux* of the play; the early editions read '*perttaunt-like*' and '*pertaunt-like.*' Theobald reads '*pedant-like,*' and other editors suggest '*portent-like,*' '*pageant-like,*' '*potently,*' '*persaunt-like.*' It is perhaps worth while suggesting that the phrase (*tant*) *pour tant* (*quasi* 'tit for tat') perhaps underlies the word; it may well have been used in some game: Mr. Marshall quotes *pur Tant* from a poetical description of an old game, but no explanation has as yet been advanced.

V. ii. 332. '*To show his teeth as white as whalës bone*'; Cambridge Edition, '*whale's bone*'; this should certainly be printed *whalës bone,* the regular name for walrus tusk in old English.

From the *Roman des neuf preux* (Abbeyville, 1487).

V. ii. 338. '*Madman,*' possibly an error for '*man,*' '*mad*' being due to '*madam*' in the next line.

V. ii. 565, 566. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left; he states also that Alexander's skin had 'a marvellous good savour.'

V. ii. 578. '*Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close stool;*' the arms of Alexander. (See illustration and *cp.* Frontispiece to this play.)

V. ii. 591. '*Canis*'; '*canus*' in the old editions, required for the sake of the rhyme.

V. ii. 739. '*a nimble*'; Theobald's correction of '*humble.*' (Quartos and Folios.)

V. ii. 742, 743. The meaning of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be that 'the latest minute of the hour (*cp.* line 797)

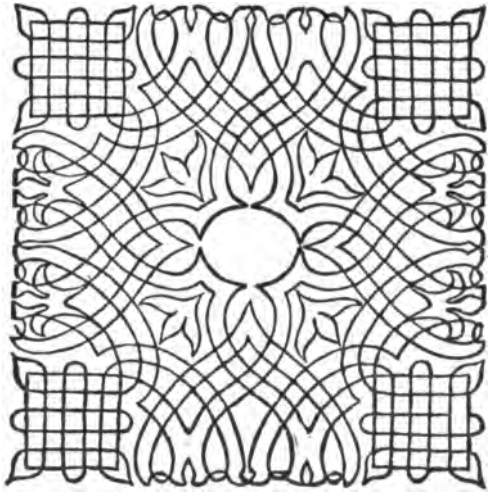
often fashions or moulds all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents'; "the extreme parts are the end parts, '*extremities*'—as, of our body, fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them." Observe '*forms*' for '*form*' by attraction of '*time*.' In the next lines the metaphor is derived from archery.

V. ii. 754. '*Double*'; so Quartos and Folios; many modern editors adopt '*dull*' from the Collier MS.

V. ii. 765. '*Strange*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*straying*,' possibly merely a variant spelling of '*strange*.'

V. ii. 878. '*Jack hath not Jill*,' *cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 461:—

"Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."



Plan of an Elizabethan '*Curious Knotted Garden*' (I. i. 249).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

32. *all these*:—Referring probably to his companions in the intended life of study and fasting. He may be supposed to point to them.

92. *Too much to know,* etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere reputation; that is, too much knowledge gives only *fame,* a name which every godfather can give likewise."

161. *I am the last that will last keep his oath*:—Rolfe says that Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures "one" for the first *last,* on the ground that Biron is made to say the contrary of what he means; but Rolfe adds that Shakespeare sometimes twists the sense of a word a little for the sake of a repetition like this.

177. *I will use him for my minstrelsy*:—That is, as Douce explains, "I will make a *minstrel* of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories."

273, 274. *the weaker vessel*:—See 1 Peter, iii. 7; also *As You Like It,* II. iv. 6; *Romeo and Juliet,* I. i. 16; and *2 Henry IV.,* II. iv. 63.

290. *damsel*:—The Folio has *damosell* here and in the next two lines, the first Quarto *damsel.* See IV. ii. 130, of this play, where Holofernes makes it *damosella.*

307. *I'll lay my head,* etc.:—I will wager or stake. So in *Henry V.,* IV. i. 234, 235: "Lay twenty French crowns to one," etc.

Scene II.

5. *dear imp*:—*Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or child. So in the prologue to the *Faerie Queene*:—

> "And thou [*Cupid*], most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove,
> Faire Venus sonne.

Of course everybody knows the word is now used only for a wicked or mischievous being—a child of the devil.

33, 34. *crosses love not him*:—So in *As You Like It*, II. iv. 12, 13, the clown says to Celia, "I should bear no cross, if I did bear you." Many coins were anciently marked with a *cross* on one side.

52. *the dancing horse*:—Of this animal Sir Kenelm Digby says: "He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master." Bankes showed his horse upon the continent, and in France had a narrow escape from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the devil. There was a report that he fell a victim to a similar suspicion at Rome. Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams*, speaks of

> "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
> Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which
> Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch
> Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

105. *native she doth owe*:—Of which she is naturally possessed.

115. *digression*:—Shakespeare elsewhere uses this word in the sense of diverging or straying from the right. So in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 202, 203:—

> "Then my *digression* is so vile, so base,
> That it will live engraven in my face."

And in *Richard II.*, V. iii., when York reveals the treacherous conspiracy of his son, Bolingbroke says:—

> "And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
> This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son."

177, 178. *The first and second cause*, etc.:—This is explained in

Touchstone's learned discourse on the causes of quarrel, in *As You Like It,* V. iv.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

149. *gelded*:—This was a common metaphorical expression, then much used. In *The Returne from Parnassus,* III. i., we find: "He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage." And Bishop Hall, in the second *Satire* of Book iv.: "Plod it at a patron's tail, to get some *gelded* chapel's cheaper sale."

223. *though several they be*:—So in Bacon's *Apothegms*: "There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him, 'Your lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said, 'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common,* and put him into the *several,* but he will wax fat.'"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

3. *Concolinel*:—The songs formerly used on the stage were often popular ditties, and therefore were omitted in the writing of a play. Such is apparently the case here; *Concolinel* being the first word of Moth's "sweet air." The song is probably lost; at least, it has not been identified.

9. *brawl*:—This dance is thus described by Marston: "The *brawl*! why, 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour." Ben Jonson gives it a most poetical dash in *The Vision of Delight*:—

> "In curious knots and mazes, so
> The Spring at first was taught to go;
> And Zephyr, when he came to woo
> His Flora, had their motions too:

And thence did Venus learn to lead
Th' Idalian *brawls*, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

And Gray thus alludes to Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor," while describing the ancient seat of the Hattons:—

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls*;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

189. It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. A tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with coloured ribands.

191. *a German clock*:—Clocks, which were usually imported from Germany at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently "out of frame." Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*, IV. i., thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock*."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq. Was that the king*, etc.:—"This," says Clarke, "is just one of those touches that Shakespeare throws in, to mark the way in which a woman unconsciously betrays her growing preference for a man who loves her. The princess recognizes the horseman, though he is at such a distance that her attendant lord is unable to distinguish whether it be the king or not; and then she immediately covers her self-betrayal by the pretendedly indifferent words, *Whoe'er a' was*, etc. Shakespeare in no one of his wondrous and numerous instances of insight into the human heart more marvellously manifests his magic power of perception than in his discernment of the workings of female nature; its delicacies, its subtleties, its reticences, its revelations, its innocent reserves,

and its artless confessions. He, of all masculine writers, was most truly feminine in his knowledge of what passes within a woman's heart, and the multiform ways in which it expresses itself through a woman's acts, words, manner—nay even her very silence. He knew the eloquence of a look, the significance of a gesture, the interpretation of a tacit admission; and, moreover, he knew how to convey them in his might of expression by ingenious inference."

10. "Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth," says Knight, "delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a crossbow. In the 'alleys green' of Windsor or of Greenwich parks, the queen would take her stand, on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amid the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury: 'Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand.' The practice was as old as the romances of the Middle Ages. But, in those days, the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims."

Scene II.

10. *a buck of the first head*:—In *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606, is the following account of the appellations of deer at their different ages: "Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise, your hart is, the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."

94-96. *Fauste, precor gelida,* etc.:—"In . . . his school career," says Baynes, "Shakespeare would begin the reading of Ovid, parts of the *De Tristibus* and the *Metamorphoses,* and with Ovid he would take up the selected *Epistles* of Cicero, and the *Eclogues* of Baptista Mantuanus. The evidence as to the last point is supplied by the well-known quotation from the *Eclogues*

in *Love's Labour's Lost.* But how imperfectly the subject of Shakespeare's scholarship has hitherto been worked out is, I think, shown by the fact that no critic or commentator seems to have ascertained with any certainty whether the *Eclogues* were in common use as a school-book or not. Malone, indeed, says that from a passage in Nash's *Apology,* 'the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time.' And Warburton gives at second hand a quotation from Farnaby's introduction to Martial, which certainly illustrates the absurdly high estimation in which the Mantuan was held. So popular was Mantuanus in the sixteenth century that, according to Farnaby, the pedants had no hesitation in preferring the 'Fauste, precor, gelida' to the 'Arma virumque cano'; in other words, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus to the *Æneid* of Virgil. Several editions of the *Eclogues* in the original, and more than one translation, had been published in England before Shakespeare's school days, and it would seem, from numerous and laudatory references in contemporary literature, that the author was, for a time, at least, as much in vogue here as on the continent."

101. *Ut, re,* etc.:—He hums the notes of the gamut as Edmund does in *King Lear,* I. ii. 148.

130. *the tired horse*:—That is, the horse adorned with ribands; Bankes's horse is here probably alluded to.

132. *Ay, sir,* etc.:—Shakespeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armado and given to her by Costard."

Scene III.

80. *More sacks to the mill!*—A well-known game among boys.

86. *Her amber hairs . . . quoted*:—*Quoted* signifies *marked* or *noted.* The construction of this passage will therefore be: "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."

100-119. This poem is in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* xvii., in England's *Helicon,* 1614, and in Jaggard's Collection, 1599, omitting the couplet—

> "Do not call it sin in me,
> That I am forsworn for thee."

258. *usurping hair*:—This alludes to the fashion, prevalent

among ladies in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men.

340. The *Hesperides* is here used for the *garden* of the Hesperides. Some of the commentators have made a very needless ado about the Poet's mistake, as they call it, in thus putting the name of the owners for the name of the thing owned. But the same thing was done by several writers of that time; and indeed similar forms of elliptical expression often occur in all sorts of writing and conversation. Gabriel Harvey, a man of unquestionable learning, uses *Hesperides* in the same way. So also in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*:—

> "Shew the tree, leav'd with refinèd gold,
> Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
> That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides.*"

343, 344. *And when Love speaks,* etc.:—Heath thus explains this passage: "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." The sleep-persuading powers of music have been much celebrated by poets of all times, and are probably well known to all who have been children. Shirley in his *Love Tricks* carries the thing about far enough:—

> "The tongue that [illegible]le to rock heaven asleep,
> And make [illegible] the spheres stand still,
> To listen t[illegible]ior airs it makes,
> And mend the[illegible]unes by it."

379. *fair Love*:—*Fair Love* is *Venus.* So in *Antony and Cleopatra,* I. i. 44: "Now, for the love of *Love* and *her* soft hours."

382. *Sow'd cockle,* etc.:—That is, where cockle is sowed, no corn is reaped.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Holofernes, etc.*] "It will be remembered," observes Baynes, "that these learned men were walking in the park after having dined with the father of one of the school pupils, where it had been previously arranged that, if the curate would gratify the table with a grace, the pedant would undertake to prove that

Biron's love verses, which they had read together, were 'very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention.'" After quoting lines 1-34, Baynes proceeds: "These scraps of Latin dialogue exemplify the technical Latin intercourse [in Shakespeare's time] between master and pupils in the school work, as well as the formal colloquies the latter were required to prepare as exercises in the second stage of their course. In one of the manuals of the latter, entitled *Familiares Colloquendi Formulæ in Usum Scholarum Concinnatæ,* I find under the first section, headed 'Scholasticæ Belonging to the School,' the following: 'Who comes to meet us? *Quis obviam venit?* He speaks improperly, *Hic incongrue loquitur*; he speaks false Latin, *Diminuit Prisciani caput*; 'Tis barbarous Latin, *Olet Barbariem.*' In the scene just quoted from it will be remembered Holofernes, in reply to Costard's '*Ad dunghill* at the fingers' ends, as they say,' says, 'O I smell false Latin, *dunghill* for *unquem.*'"

103. *excrement*:—The *beard* is called valour's *excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice,* and in all but one of the six passages in which the Poet uses the word *excrement* he applies it to the hair or beard.

129, 130. *shall pass Pompey*:—That is, shall walk in the procession for or as Pompey.

Sce[illegible]

19. *mouse*:—This was formerly a [illegible]n of endearment. So in *Hamlet,* III. iv. 183: "Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse.*"

43-45. *'Ware pencils,* etc.:—She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses,* lest she should retaliate, and then pays her back at once by likening her to a red dominical letter, and twitting her with the smallpox marks on her face, which Rosaline calls *O's.*

121. *Muscovites or Russians*:—Hall, describing a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors at Westminster, in the first year of Henry VIII., says, there "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Which may serve to show that a masque of Muscovites was a

court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.

187. *measure*:—This dance was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *treading a measure*. Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.

297. *angels vailing clouds*:—That is, letting fall those clouds which hid them or obscured their brightness.

548. *libbard's head on knee*:—Alluding to old dresses and armour, which often had knee-caps wrought in the form of a *leopard's* head.

724-727. Armado probably means to say in his affected style that he had discovered he was wronged, and meant to right himself like a soldier. "One may see day at a little hole," is an old proverb.

748. *which fain it would convince*:—That is, which it fain would succeed in obtaining.

821-825. The justice of Coleridge's remarks upon these lines is obvious enough: "There can be no doubt indeed about the propriety of expunging this speech of Rosaline's; it soils the very page that retains it. But I do not agree with Warburton and others in striking out the preceding line also. It is quite in Biron's character, and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question for him, and, after he and Longaville are answered, Biron, with evident propriety, says, 'Studies my lady?'" etc. Perhaps the two speeches may be taken as an apt illustration of the difference between the original and the augmented copies.

899. Gerarde in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, etc., are called "in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." *Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip*, which it seems probable is the flower here meant.

916. *blows his nail*:—A similar expression occurs in one of South's sermons: "So that the king, for anything that he has to do in these matters, may sit and *blow his nails*; for use them otherwise he cannot."

928. *crabs*:—The *crab-apple*, which used to be roasted and put hissing-hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast and spice and sugar. How much this was relished in old times may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy.

Questions on

Love's Labour's Lost.

1. State the probable date of the play.
2. For what reasons was it popular in Shakespeare's day; and why is it no longer performed on the stage?

ACT FIRST.

3. Comment on the King's opening speech on the triumph of Fame.
4. How are the earlier speeches of the King and of Biron in the nature of prologue?
5. Is any action supposed to precede that of the play?
6. State the conditions of life to which the King and his followers agree to devote themselves. Is there any model in foreign literature for this conceit?
7. What modern poet has paralleled this, with the conditions reversed?
8. What does Biron say (Sc. i.) about study?
9. With what humorous reservation does Biron subscribe to the regulations?
10. How is Armado described in the first Scene?
11. How is the tedium of this isolated community to be relieved?
12. In what way is the letter of Armado prepared for? What follies of the age does it satirize?
13. What is the humorous purpose, as concerns the plot, of the episode of Costard and Jaquenetta? In the humorous purposes of the dramatist what positions do Moth and Jaquenetta occupy (Sc. ii.) in relation to Armado?

ACT SECOND.

14. What purpose has the Princess in coming to Navarre?
15. Indicate the comic relation of the visit to the newly taken vows of the King.

16. How is Biron characterized by Rosaline?
17. Characterize the encounter between Biron and Rosaline.
18. Mention some of the metrical forms employed by Shakespeare in the first and second Acts.

ACT THIRD.

19. How does Moth describe the affectations of the time?
20. How does Costard gain his release?
21. Comment on lines 68-70.
22. Explain the meaning and use here (line 73) of the word *l'envoy*.
23. On what errand does Biron dispatch Costard?
24. Compare Biron's soliloquy on love with Benedick's reflections on the same subject.
25. Which of the two men present the more humorous object in their self-consciousness as women-killers?
26. Show how the first three acts are defective in the way that the dramatic problem is stated and developed.
27. Account for the slightness of the first three in comparison with the fourth and fifth Acts.

ACT FOURTH.

28. In what occupation does the opening of this Act discover the Princess and her train?
29. State the mistake in the delivery of the letters. Is it provocative of much mirth?
30. What is satirized in the person of Holofernes?
31. To what does Holofernes threaten to subject the verses of Biron? Who does he invite for his audience?
32. Does he follow learning for its own sake or for the sake of the effect he can make by displaying it?
33. What is the difference between scholar and pedant?
34. Granting the satirical purpose of this Scene, does it miss point by being too much of the quality of the thing satirized?
35. Describe the scene which reveals the King's company as forsworn.
36. Who writes the best verses?
37. How does Biron enjoy a momentary triumph, and how comes about his fall?